

MARCH, 1911

PRICE TEN CENTS

# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

*The Fighting Magazine  
of the Working Class*



Ten Thousand Denver Toilers Protest Against Government by Injunction

IN PRISON WITH GUSTAVE HERVE  
BY WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD



# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives La Monte, Max S. Hayes, William E. Bohn, Leslie H. Marcy

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## DEPARTMENTS.

*Editorials:* Comrade Maurer's First Bill; The Daily Socialist and the Garment Workers; The Class Struggle in California.  
International Notes : The World of Labor : News and Views  
Publishers' Department.

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Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, Canada \$1.20, other countries \$1.36

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Advertising Rates: Full page, \$40.00; half page, \$20.00, quarter page, \$10.00; smaller advertisements, \$2.80 per inch. No discount for repeated insertions. An extra discount of 5% is, however, allowed for cash in advance for one insertion, or 10% when cash is paid in advance for three or more insertions. Classified advertising, cash in advance, two cents per word, initials and figures counted same as words. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-operative)  
118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

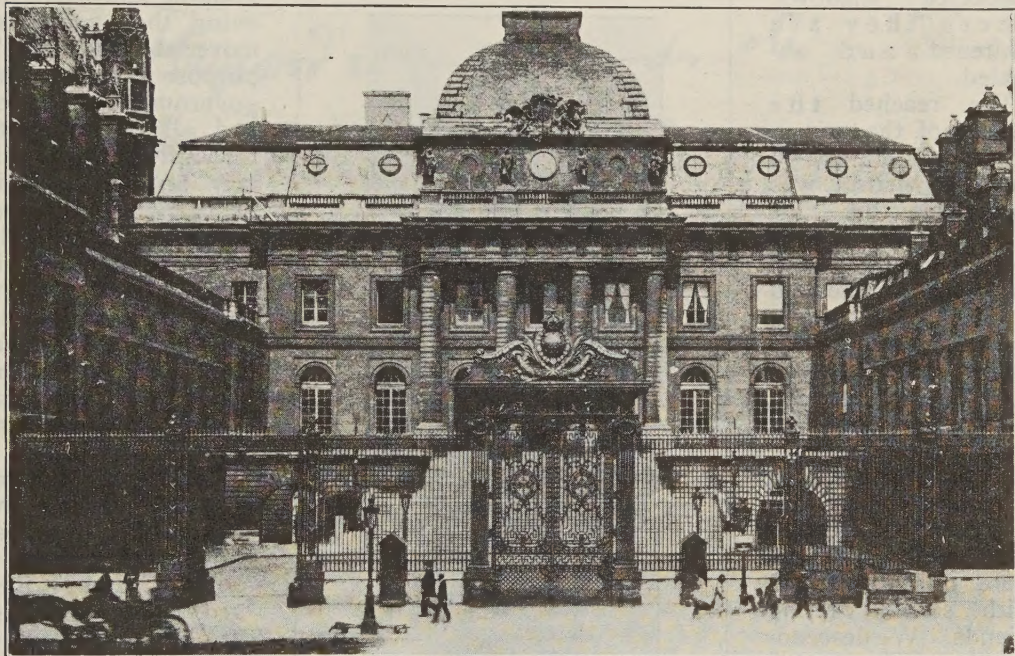
Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.

# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Vol. XI

MARCH, 1911

No. 9



PALAIS DE LA JUSTICE—WHERE HERVÉ WAS CONVICTED.

## IN PRISON WITH HERVÉ

BY

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

**T**HE gloomiest spot I saw in Paris was the Prison of the Saint. It was there I met Gustave Hervé, editor of *La Guerre Sociale*, author of "My Country Right or Wrong." To meet Hervé and other advanced thinkers was my principal mission in France.

Access to the prison where the doughty champion of labor is confined, was gained with little more trouble or red tape than

necessary to visit a jail in this country.

On my return from Italy, Comrade Charles Marck, treasurer of the Confederation of Labor, met me at the depot. We went direct to the Palace of Justice, and got the needed passes to the prison from the judge of instruction. We drove direct to jail. The approach to one of these institutions has a most depressing and indescribable effect even upon a visitor.



There is a vise-like grip on one's heart and soul; the blood runs thin and hot; the brain strains and thumps. Life's purpose seems narrowed and squeezed to the size and shape of the confines of gray stone walls. All jails have a tinge of the same atmosphere, the odor of despair, of dying hope. Some characters grow strong amid the ashes of life, in musty cells, where daylight casts but checkered shadows. There they are whitened and annealed.

We reached the portals of the prison. Comrade Marck, a frequent visitor, was recognized by the guard; a few words were exchanged and our passes deposited with a recording clerk. We were then guided along corridors, passing through many steel doors, and at last were ushered into an open court, down a stairway into a place that looked like a bear-pit. There were our comrades, with some visiting friends. We descended the stairs and I was introduced to Hervé, to Almeyrade and Merle, his associate editors, likewise political offenders, who are serving terms of six months each for supporting the general railway strike in the columns of *La*

*Guerre Sociale*. I met their friends. Again I shook hands with Comrade Hervé, a warm, strong hand clasp. I seemed to have long known him, to have known him well. It was good to meet him. He is strong, stockily built, with a fine head firmly set on broad shoulders; his big, splendid blue-gray eyes brightened and glinted as his face beamed with smiles.

Through the medium of Comrade

Marck, who despises his once enforced military service, and said, "The Army is the School of Crime," acting as interpreter, we discussed many things. The anarchist school of thought was spoken of. Comrade Hervé said: "I am not an anarchist; I am a revolutionary Socialist. As such I regard the organization of the

working class on the economic field of first importance." Next to building and strengthening the syndicalist movement it is Hervé's purpose to weaken the government of France and all governments through an anti-military campaign. This he carries on vigorously and relentlessly in the columns of his paper. In this work he is ably supported by the *Voice of the People*, the official organ of the General Confederation of Labor.

Hervé told of many instances where the anti-military propaganda had gained a foothold and bright "red" spots were discernible in the army. One company that had trampled the flag of capitalism in the mire; another company, to show their contempt for discipline, marched with guns upside down.

We spoke of the world-wide movement, the success of the

general strike wherever inaugurated. As the time was drawing near to end my visit, I asked our comrades for a word of greeting to their fellow workers in America. They gave me the following message with the assurance that the French revolutionists will carry on an uncompromising fight to ultimate victory, in spite of standing armies, capitalist courts, and prison bars:



CHARLES MARCK,  
TREASURER OF THE  
CONFEDERATION OF LABOR.



La rédaction de  
 la guerre sociale, emprisonnés  
 à la Saint, adressent à  
 Haywood et ses camarades de  
 son syndicat révolutionnaire  
 ses fraternelles salutations

Gustave Herve

Miguel Almereyda

Eug. Merle

(Translation.)

The editors of *La Guerre Sociale*, imprisoned in "la Saint," address to Haywood and his comrades of the revolutionary union their fraternal greetings.

GUSTAVE HERVE,  
 MIGUEL ALMEREYDA,  
 EUG. MERLE.

I was introduced to many other political prisoners. There are several hundred of them in this Prison of the Saint—members of the building trades and electrical

workers, who went on strike in sympathy with the railway employes.

I secured for publication the article for publishing which in *La Guerre Sociale*



Hervé was convicted and sentenced to serve four years in prison. It will be of interest to readers of *THE REVIEW*.

\* \* \*

### The Example of the Apache.

I am going to scandalize the respectable men and the imbeciles again.

Do you know that that Apache, who has just killed the policeman Deray, does not lack a certain beauty, a certain grandeur?

He is an Apache; that is understood; that is, an unfortunate who at nineteen years of age picked pockets—perhaps when he was out of a job; prison commenced for him at his adolescence; the Bat 'd 'af has finished him. Coming from there and returning to Paris, he lived on the thin edge of being caught, ever dragging his police record like a ball and chain.

One fine day the stupid asses—keepers of the “morals”—arrested him under the charge of special vagabondage, sentenced him to prison for three months and to banishment for five years.

For the Apache was everything one could wish, except a keeper of women!

Can the “morals” have deceived themselves? That is possible.

Have they lied, given false witness in order to revenge themselves on the woman whom they found with our man? That is probable. Most of the stupid asses of “morals” combine that honorable profession with those of keeping women, and they do not recoil from making a false oath to get rid of a rival.

The Apache served out his prison term. He got out the middle of last December.

Once free he had only one idea: vengeance.

He had no weapons; to provide them he worked night and day at his business of making shoes, with feverish haste, accumulating bit by bit his wages. That was his midnight supper.

When he had a hundred francs he went and bought a good revolver; made himself a queer sort of a cuirasse of leather covered with steel points; he sharpened two of his shoemakers' knives, and thus armed from head to foot and wrapped in

a cloak, he started out on his search for the two policemen who had been the cause of his conviction.

One knows the rest and the masterly way in which he received the two plain clothes men who attempted to arrest him.

I do not ask the Monthyon prize for that Apache.

But it seems to me that in our century of willess and flabby beings, that Apache has given a fine lesson of energy, of perseverance and courage to the crowd of respectable people. To us revolutionists ourselves, he has set a fine example.

Every day there are respectable working men who are the victims of police brutalities, \* \* \* of undeserved convictions, of gross miscarriages of justice. Have you ever heard that one of these avenged himself?

There are among us militants who have been insulted, slapped, knocked about in the police stations by the Cossacks of the Republic. Have you ever heard that a single one of them, with the tenacity of that Apache, passed his days and nights in thinking out his revenge, in hunting down his insulters and persecutors?

Every day magistrates, with unspeakable levity, lack of conscience and ferocity pronounced sentences with a light heart, with their legs crossed; bring ruin, sorrow and dishonor to families. Have you ever heard of a single one of these victims who has avenged himself?

Ha! Respectable people! Give to that Apache the half of your virtue and ask him in exchange a quarter of his energy and his courage.

GUSTAVE HERVE.

\* \* \*

The massive doors were grating heavily on their hinges.

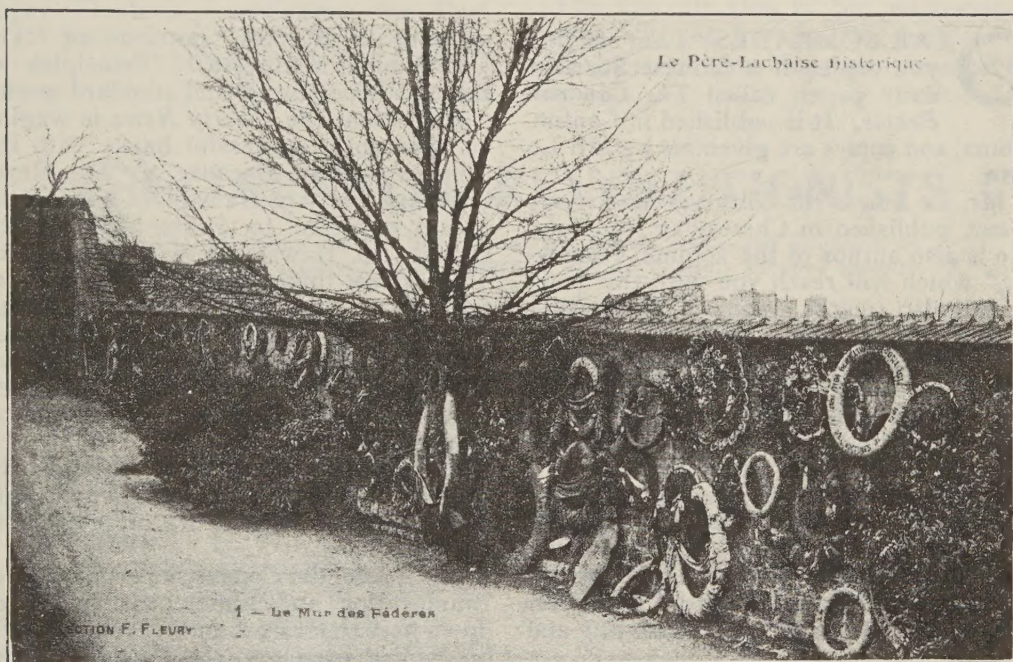
We must go! Hervé must stay! Steel bars and doors and damp gray stone walls will be his abode for nearly four long years. During those long, weary days and nights in prison he will be spurring the working class on to industrial liberty, that the sons and daughters of La Belle France and of the world may enjoy a little more bright sunshine and blue sky.

And for this Hervé is willing to die in a dungeon if need be.



# THE PARIS COMMUNE

## IN MEMORIAM



WALL AGAINST WHICH THE COMMUNISTS WERE LINED UP TO BE SHOT DECORATED EACH ANNIVERSARY BY THE WORKERS OF FRANCE.



MONUMENT TO THE COMMUNARDS—SQUARE DU PERE-LACHAISE, PARIS.



# FLASHES FROM CHINA

BY

## A SOCIALIST SAILOR

**D**EAR COMRADES: I am sending you copies of a Chinese Socialist daily paper, called *The Common People*. It is published in Canton, China, and copies are given me by Mr. Lo Sun.

Mr. Lo Sun is the editor of the *Liberty News*, published in Chinese at Honolulu. He is also author of the volume, "*Humanity*," which will reach you with this mail. I shall also enclose a copy of *The Liberty News*.

If you are able to secure the services of a Chinese interpreter, you will be able to judge from these just how much truth there is in this talk about the Orientals being BACKWARD races.

Local Honolulu is translating your Center Shot leaflets into the Chinese language and carrying on propaganda in that manner. Mr. Lo Sun and Comrade Sun Foo of the Socialist party (a reporter for the *Liberty News*), are translating and

printing in Chinese, portions of "The Communist Manifesto," "Principles of Scientific Socialism," and standard works.

At present the *Liberty News* is waging an apparently successful battle with the Chinese consul. Because of "The Revolutionary Party in Hawaii" (Chinese) the consul reported to Peking that all the Chinese in Hawaii were revolutionists. This made things very unpleasant for relatives of Hawaiian Chinese in China. According to Chinese law, or what they call law, the relatives, even to the cousins, of the guilty party may be punished, their property confiscated and even capital punishment inflicted.

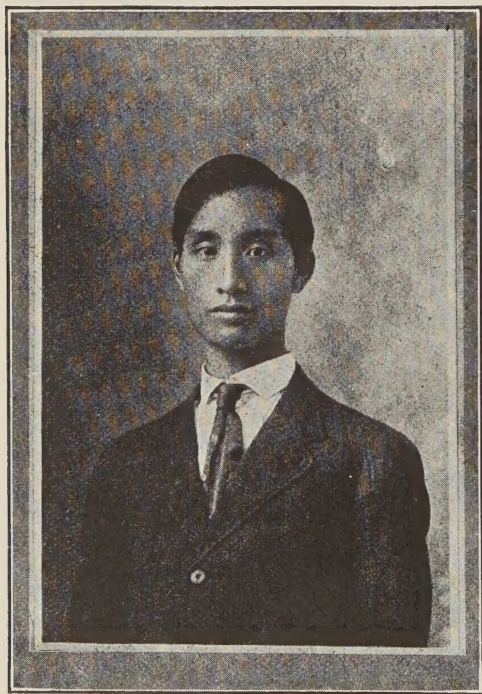
At present it looks as though the Chinese paper would win, which will mean much for the future of revolutionary ideas here.

Mr. Keefe, the Commissioner General of Immigration and Labor, has just been down here to look around. From his talk, one would expect to see Hawaii "Americanized." But what that means is hard to tell.

Our masters are having a hard time now. We hear much about it. There are now steel mills in China, you know. So the American capitalists want protection. Hawaii must be fortified. It will then be a fist to shake at Japan. Millions and millions of dollars are now being spent to fortify Hawaii—for the benefit of American capitalism. They want to Americanize the island so that capital will have patriotic fools who will shoulder guns and fight for the masters.

In future, the word is passed around, fewer Orientals and Filipinos are to be admitted. Europe is to be scoured for depressed workers who will be ignorant enough to fight when commanded, and hungry enough to work for slave wages. The claim is made that the Orientals prove too aggressive. Capital always chooses the docile slave.

Here the game is complicated, as elsewhere. Big capital is fighting bigger capital, while the army and navy parasites are wriggling between. The greater part



EDITOR, LO SUN.



of the Hawaiian population is unable to vote, but they are not without the spirit of fight for all that.

We shall soon see whose interests are strongest in Honolulu. The Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association; the Beet Sugar people; the Steel and Shipping interests; the Military circle—all are strong. All have representatives. But

find out who is most interested in having a patriotic class of workers, who will fight for capital, and you will know who want to Americanize Hawaii.

You can file this in the waste-paper basket without hurting the feelings of one who won't shoulder a gun for capitalism.

## THE JAPANESE REVOLUTIONISTS

(The following article from Japan reaches us just as the Review goes to press. The manuscript was unsigned, and fortunately escaped government censorship.)

IT IS now eight months since the first Japanese was arrested of those tried and now awaiting a verdict. It is claimed by the nobility that these men and the one woman plotted against the life of the Emperor. Some have already received sentences of imprisonment while others are still awaiting trial in the jails of the country.

In the beginning over one hundred men and women were arrested, but I shall tell only the few facts I have been able to learn of twenty-six comrades. Nobody has been allowed to visit these men or the woman under any pretext whatsoever. No communications were allowed sent to them. They were permitted no messages to their friends. Everything was utterly secret. The newspapers in Japan dare not mention the trial nor the causes that led to it.

These comrades were tried under the 73rd clause of the Japanese criminal law, charged with the highest charge of conspiracy, because directed against the Imperial personages. Under this law it is not at all necessary to prove a plot or an ACT. He is condemned who conceives the thought or INTENTION, in his own MIND, against the Emperor.

All the comrades had regular and honorable occupations. All were extremely intelligent. Among them was a Buddhist priest, a doctor of medicine, journalists, printers, iron workers, farmers—all were highly respected by their associates. Three comrades had been in America and Europe and spoke and wrote several languages. All were expressed Socialists, though some preferred to be called Kropotkin communists. We, of Japan, have

been forbidden to DISCUSS the trial or the fate of our friends, so that still another difficulty is added to our efforts to get news of them. However, I am certain some of these comrades opposed parliamentary action and advocated direct action. But that does not matter. Some of us will always differ on points of tactics. Sufficient it is that twenty-six Socialist comrades were tried, according to the Japanese farce, in total darkness.

### The Trial.

Dr. Kotoku and the other comrades were under the shadow of death from the beginning. To be accused of conspiracy against the Emperor is almost the same as the death sentence. I tried, with other comrades, to gain permission to attend the trial, but we were all refused. Upon one day, 150 persons were admitted to the court rooms. At least this was the report, but we found that these were detectives used to give the trial a semblance of fairness.

It was the splendid activities of our foreign comrades that caused the Imperial government to relent in severity a little. Only because of pressure from WITHOUT was the government made to feel how the civilized world looked upon secret trials of men of learning. Then a few relatives were admitted to speak to their loved ones, but always under strict guard, so that no word about the charges against them could be spoken.

Kotoku's mother was at last permitted to see him. She was sixty years of age. Like a Roman mother she met him, full of words of love and courage, and then, straight and unbent, she left him to re-



turn to her home in the Tosa Island. Shortly afterward, we heard of her tragical death. While we cannot be certain, we have taken it as a brave suicide. We believe she took her own life to give courage to her son, that he might face the end, undaunted, like a man.

We know and have known of the splendid way the American comrades arose at the time of need to help your comrades—Haywood and Pettibone. This we longed to do for our own comrades but we were not strong enough yet to dare it. It is still a crime in Japan to help a man accused of crime.

Okumiya, one of the twenty-six, an old liberal, a revolutionist who worked with us only a few months ago, was among the last arrested. His wife was very ill and died during his incarceration, in extreme poverty. Nobody was allowed to aid her.

The Japanese government reports to the outside world that she is not persecuting radical, liberal men and women, nor Socialists. This is utterly untrue. We Socialists know well what persecution means. Not long ago, we formed educational clubs, whereby we hoped to get the working men and women to THINKING. Even our little clubs were stopped, while last month the Skakai Shimbau was suppressed merely because we REPORTED the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen. It is because of the steady persecution of Socialists that occasionally men feel driven to other methods.

Many of us are being driven from good positions and forced to do meaner work, but we are keeping on. In November we held thirteen meetings, speaking on Socialist questions. We were forced to avoid all mention of strikes, trade unions, Socialism, etc. It is curious that we are usually permitted to criticize the existing government and their bad policies freely, but if we speak against the capitalists, advocate trade unionism or Socialism, our meetings are instantly stopped.

Still in December we held meetings. We have one planned for tonight and another for tomorrow night. At these meetings we charge 5 cents American money, to cover expenses. From 50 to 500 people usually attend.

Almost every known Socialist in the Empire is called upon twice daily by detectives, and is so closely watched that it is almost impossible to accomplish anything. Six years ago the government declared there were 3,000 Socialists in Japan. It now declares there are 210,000, over 2,000 constantly under police or detective surveillance.

This is a terrible struggle. Our comrades have been convicted of conspiracy. They are doomed. We cannot lift our hands to save them. But all know that where one bearer of the torch of liberty is cut down a hundred others will rise to take his place. Capitalism is breeding Socialists as fast as capitalism herself grows. We are still working for emancipation. We shall not stop till we have found it.







AT THE WARPING MACHINE.

# CHILD SLAVES OF THE COTTON MILLS

BY

CARRIE W. ALLEN

**T**HE shrill scream of the factory whistle smites the chill morning air at the dawn of each new day, and obedient to its hideous call, a ghostly array of anæmic children, rudely awakened from sleep, gulp down a bit of food and stumble sleepily to the factory door.

This pitiful multitude of children, whose days are completely swallowed by the cotton mills, keep up their incessant dance from one spindle to another, or from one loom to another, dizzily watching the ten, twelve or fifteen shuttles play hide and seek among the labyrinth of threads.

So much has been written about these youngest victims of capitalist greed, the children of the cotton mills, that were we not misery hardened, were we not blinded by brutal toil, long ago an awakened working class would have united to wipe this iniquity out.

And yet, the workers are not to blame that the forced struggle for existence has limited their vision and stupefied their imagination.

One little child set in the midst of a

crowd, because in his person misery is visualized, makes a more eloquent appeal than the story of all the thousands of children whose lives are crushed by the cruel millstones of industry.

While the laws of most of the northern states place the legal working age of a child at fourteen, the last Senate report on Women and Children Wage Earners in the Cotton Industry shows that 34.8 per cent of the factories investigated in New England employed children under the legal age.

In at least four of the New England states, tiny children, frail and undeveloped, are on the pay-rolls of the cotton mills, some of them apparently not more than eight years of age.

An effort is always made to shift the responsibility of these little ones from the shoulders of the employer of their labor to the parents of the children. "We cannot help it if the parents tell us the children are older than they are," say the manufacturers. "We are in business, first of all, to make money."



That is the key to the situation. The manufacturers are in business to make money. As the children are cheap, and more profit may be squeezed out of their labor, they are claimed by the mill.

Many people excuse the indifference of the manufacturer on the ground that many of the children are foreigners, as though it were less a crime to injure a child of foreign parents than one of native blood. A child is a child, regardless of color or race.

In the Southern cotton mills, where more terrible wrongs are perpetrated against the children than in any other part of the country, this excuse cannot be offered, for the children are, without exception, American. The people of the mill villages are the purest American blood that we have, many families having come from the mountains of Tennessee and the Carolinas.

From time to time, smooth-tongued agents are sent into these regions to scatter cleverly worded dodgers about, and to visit the hill people in their homes, for the purpose of finding fresh material as grist for the remorseless mill.

Frequently the agent finds a large family living in a wretched shack of one or two rooms, dragging out a meager existence on a worn-out patch of ground, scarcely knowing the color of a dollar, and with no advantages of any sort for their children.

It is not a difficult matter to convince the father of the advantages to be gained by a move to the mill village. The family have nothing to lose and everything to gain. It will cost them nothing, for the money will be advanced to move them all. Work will be given to all of the family, and even the little ones will be able to earn from fifty cents to a dollar a day.

Or, if the children wish to go to school, and this appeals most strongly to the mother, the children will have a chance for a good education, and all the other advantages her bare life has so cruelly lacked.

A chance of an education for her girls. A chance in life for her boys. In addition to this, the dollar-earning capacity of the group during the months of vacation makes an eloquent appeal to the parents, who have only known privation through-

out their barren lives. The tickets are sent, and the family, with hearts full of expectant hope, move as soon as possible to the hideous mill town.

When the father enters the mill he is obliged to make affidavit as to the ages of his children, and they are greedily watched, the mill owner regarding them as perfectly legitimate grist for his mill. Apropos of the claim that the mill owners are not to blame, the government investigators into the conditions of the children in the cotton mills make some very incriminating statements.

When the children are not forthcoming, the mill superintendents frequently go into the homes of the mill workers, demanding that children of nine and ten be sent into the mill, threatening the father with discharge and the family with eviction in case the children are withheld.

"They just keep at a person until they have to let them work, whether they want to or not. I don't want them to know I've got another gal, or they'd have her right in that mill," said a South Carolina woman, speaking of her little girl of nine.

A mother in North Carolina pleaded with the mill superintendent not to compel her to take her two boys, eleven and fourteen, from school, but decided to do as she was told when her husband was threatened with the loss of a job.

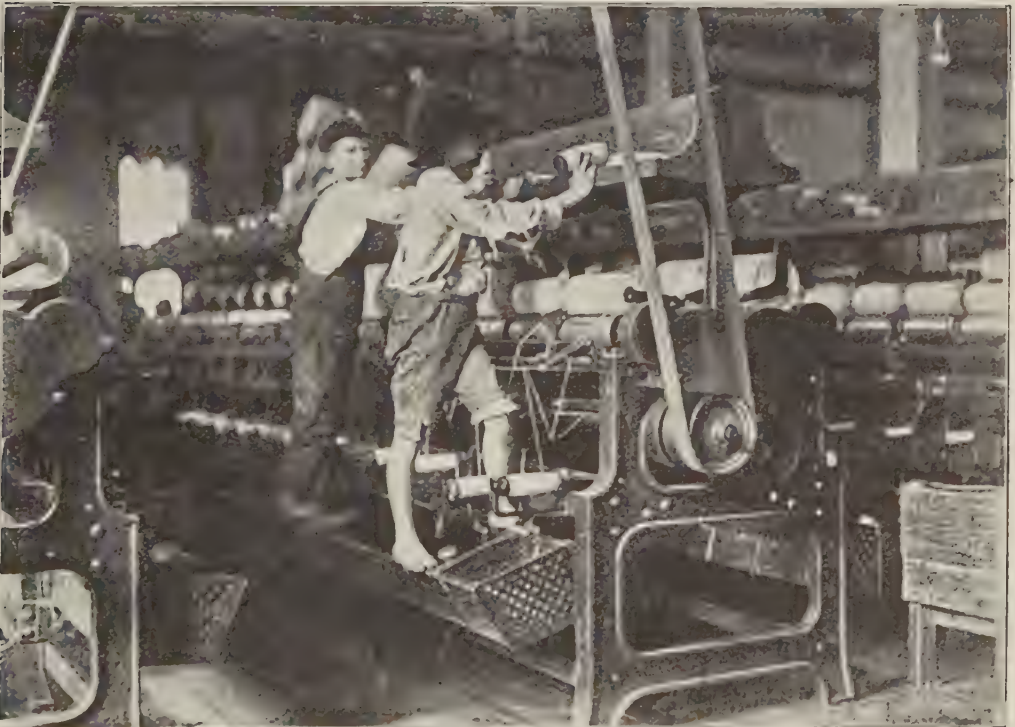
When the government investigator went to the mills, as happens with all inspectors, an alarm was given, and the children sent home or hidden in waste boxes or closets. In one of the North Carolina mills the superintendent was boasting, "We haven't got a lot of babies in our mills," when his attention was called to a tiny girl of six who was trying to reach the frames.

The very little ones are not usually on the pay-rolls of the mills, the pittance earned by the little one going into the pay envelope of the mother or an older child. In some of the mills, children were found of not more than ten years of age, who were compelled to work an additional number of hours during the day, after working twelve weary hours during the night, one particular child of ten kept steadily at her task on several occasions for a stretch of twenty-four hours.





MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE.



TOO SMALL TO REACH.



The Senate report already quoted gives this verbatim statement from one of the federal agents concerning a mill in North Carolina:

"The mill employs many children, and the smallest I have seen working in any mills. I asked five exceptionally small ones how old each was and each answered, 'I don't know.' These children, the superintendent says, work from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. \* \* \* I know, beyond a reasonable doubt, that there are ten or twelve children under twelve years of age working in the mill, seven or eight of them at night.

"One of the children is an emaciated little elf fifty inches high, and weighing perhaps forty-eight pounds, who works from 6 at night till 6 in the morning, and who is so tiny that she has to climb upon the spinning frame to reach the top row of spindles."

Instances might be multiplied of the criminally long hours these little victims are imprisoned in the mills, no sound reaching them except the racking whirr of the machinery, no air reaching their choked lungs except the fluff laden air of the dusty factory.

Is it any wonder that these poor little over-wrought beings under continuous nervous strain, frequently have their fingers and hands caught in the cruel cogs, which lacerate and tear and frequently cripple them? One hundred and twenty-two mills reported 1,241 accidents for a year, and it is known that these figures are only partial, as mill owners only report accidents when forced to do so.

Many of the children insist that they prefer night work, as the threads run so much smoother, and do not so frequently break. This saves them from the "re-proof" of the overseer, and the fine that is docked from their slender pay when anything goes wrong with the work. Poor care-laden little ones, terrorized into such a condition of mind that they really prefer the fatiguing night work.

Not content with the profits which may be sweated out of the children, an additional pressure upon them by the system of premiums which is used in many mills. The tired children are already overstrained and their endurance stretched to the breaking point. It is pernicious to drive them to further exer-

tion to add a pitiful sum to the niggardly wage.

The real object of premiums is to increase the production of the worker in order to increase the profits of the mill owner. For instance, a premium of fifty cents a week is paid to weavers who tend their looms during the lunch hour. Spoolers who spool ten boxes of cotton yarn a day are paid the price of a box, nine cents extra, and for spooling fifteen boxes a premium of eighteen cents is given. Pennies in premiums for the life energy of the children; dollars in profits for the pockets of the masters!

The home life of the mill children is barren and desolate, especially for the ones who keep up their goblin dance from one spindle to another all through the long weary hours of the night, and jaded and wan come creeping home in the gruesome dawn.

We need not wonder that the overstrained, undeveloped little ones have so little vital resistance that they early fall victims of disease. The anæmic condition of the blood, the nerve-racking strain of the work, and the dust laden atmosphere close every avenue of health, and dropsy, tuberculosis and other wasting diseases claim many of the children of the cotton mills.

One of the gravest indictments of the wretched industrial chaos under which we live is the inhuman treatment meted out to the children of the nation. Every advance of modern machinery means that more and more of these helpless little ones are caught between the upper and nether millstones, and remorselessly ground into profits.

It is impossible for a nation to thrive that grinds up and destroys its children. The boys and girls are the nation's greatest asset; they are the nation of tomorrow, and the sooner we wake up and put an end to the hideous wrongs daily heaped upon the children of the working class, the better for the race.

At the dawn of each new day, a gaunt army of half awakened children are swallowed up by the hideous cotton mills, and at night, weary and wan and joyless, they are spewed forth again. Spindles must be kept running, profits must be made, even though pale-faced children droop and wither and die.



# A LIVING PROTEST

BY

W. D. H.



REAR ROW—BEN HICKS, MONROE HICKS, JESS KOENIG, GEO. DONALD, JOHN DONALD, R. DONALD.  
MIDDLE ROW—CECIL REESE, DUNCAN STUBBS, R. McBIRNIE, FRANK BALEK, JOE FISK, E. L. DOYLE.  
LOWER ROW—GEORGE PANSKY, WM. SNOW, FRED GRAYSON, WM. WOODHEAD.

This picture was taken in Denver County Jail where Pettibone, Moyer and Haywood were confined previous to being taken to the penitentiary in Idaho. The men occupy the same corridor where Haywood's cell was located.

**F**EBRUARY the second was a memorable day in Denver, Colorado. Government by injunction received a jolt in the solar plexus that if followed up by a united working class will put the courts out of business.

Ten thousand men and women unionists and Socialists paraded the streets of the Queen City of the Plains, demanding that government by injunction be abolished. They marched in fours and sixes to the capital building. When the Socialist section arrived at the law factory, their band

started up the Marseillaise, every red, big and little, singing the battle song of all nations.

From the capital building the parade marched to the city auditorium, where a monster protest meeting was held. Judge Greeley W. Whitford was damned and denounced for sending sixteen coal miners, members of the U. M. W. A., to jail for a term of one year for the alleged violation of an injunction issued by him. The injunction was one of the blanket style that covers everything and everybody. Prohibi-



ted one from breathing in the vicinity of the coal company's property or looking at one of their strike-breaking pets that they have imported from West Virginia.

The protest meeting was surcharged with revolt, but the dynamic force struck a lightning rod. There was a conservative element on the committee of arrangements who wanted the meeting to be dignified and respectable. Their feelings were badly jarred when the crowd refused to listen to the Hon. ex-Gov. Charles T. Thomas, a friend of labor (?), and called loudly for other speakers.

Resolutions were introduced condemning Whitford, adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

#### RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

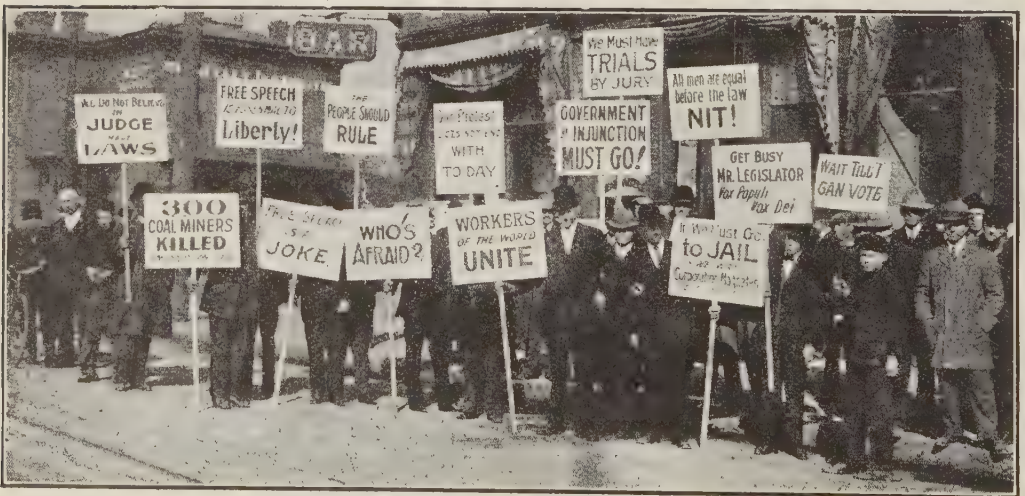
"Whereas, Judge Greeley W. Whitford, of the district court has seen fit to throw into jail and sentence to one year in prison, without due process of law, sixteen union coal miners for an alleged contempt of the said court, this judge acting not only as a judge, but prosecutor and jury as well, thereby eliminating a constitutional right that our forefathers fought, bled and died to protect; and

"Whereas, We realize the fact that judges are nothing more than human, like the rest of us, and should be notified that the created man never became greater than the creator, and, further, under our form of government, those who derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and we realize that no judge is infallible, but is liable to err and make mistakes; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the Colorado Anti-injunction league, condemn such decision as unjust, unreasonable and most outrageous, and we deplore the fact that the state has within its borders, and most especially upon the judicial bench, clothed with power and authority, such a merciless expounder of justice, whose actions on the bench and elsewhere have a tendency to bring the judiciary beneath the contempt of the people, and be it further

"Resolved, That we realize the fact that decisions of this kind are calculated to bring our courts into ill repute and the disrespect of our best and most law-abiding citizens. We understand that the courts of law can no longer be recognized as temples of justice when such outrages are perpetrated within their walls by some chattels who happen to be sitting on the judicial bench and acting in the name of law and order. Let us remember and never forget that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' Therefore, the workers should awaken to their power and strength, rise up in their might and dethrone this autocrat who poses and parades in the guise of truth, virtue and justice. Let us unfurl our banner to the breeze of industrial liberty, thereby proving to the world that we are the worthy sons of a noble sire. And be it further

"Resolved, That we consider it an unpardonable crime in the sight of Almighty God to sit idly by and accept unquestionably the official actions and decisions of judges who assume that they are too sacred to be criticised, when it is plain for all to see—even the blind—that their decisions are most corrupt, unjust, dishonest and disgraceful to the high office to which they have been elevated. This office should be held most sacred and the law administered in the fear of all wise and ever seeing God, to all alike, whether they be rich or poor."



A BUNCH OF "LIVE ONES."



# MORGAN MUZZLES THE MAGAZINES

BY

JACK BRITT GEARITY

**M**ORGAN is gobbling up the big magazines.

Muckraking must stop, attacks on business must cease, radical writers must be silenced, and the people must not know what the big capitalists are doing. This is the latest decree of Wall street, and lieutenants of J. Pierpont Morgan are launching a gigantic magazine trust to gobble up all magazines whose editorial policy cannot be controlled through their advertising columns. The directing head of the new combination is Thomas W. Lamont, a member of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan and company, who has quietly been buying stock in various magazines and publishing houses for a long time.

The first magazine to fall into the clutches of the new trust is the American Magazine, which a few months ago suppressed John Kenneth Turner's series of brilliant articles on "Barbarous Mexico." John S. Phillips is the editor-in-chief of this magazine, and he will retain that position under the trust.

The actual buyer of the American Magazine was the Crowell Publishing Company, publishers of the Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside, of which Lamont is the leading figure.

A furore was created a few years ago when the American Magazine passed into the hands of the muckrakers with a great blare of trumpets, and the announcement that it was to be a free forum for the presentation of radical and progressive thought. The men and women of its staff announced that they were tired of dictation, that they wanted perfect freedom of expression, and that they had joined hands in controlling the American Magazine to that end.

The group of writers who, under the leadership of Mr. Phillips, made the American Magazine one of the leading monthly periodicals of the country, are: Lincoln Steffens, Peter Finley Dunne (Mr. Dooley), Ray Stannard Baker, Ida Tarbell and William Allen White. They are all under contract to the magazine,

and when Morgan's lieutenants bought the American Magazine they also bought the services of these writers.

It has been boldly announced that these writers are free to write anything they please, and that may be true, but there is a big difference between writing freely and getting the thing published. There's the editorial blue pencil to be taken into account.

A well known magazine writer told me last fall when a fight was on in the board of directors of Success Magazine, that a storm was brewing in the magazine world, that the editors of various magazines did not know what was coming, but were fearful of what was ahead of them.

The fight against muckraking and radicalism in the columns of Success Magazine was led by a republican politician from some obscure town in the upper part of New York. Samuel W. Merwin, editor, and David Evans, business manager, both of whom were stockholders in the magazine, were ousted from their positions as a result of that fight.

But Merwin, who published special articles and stories from the pens of Ernest Poole, Leroy Scott and men of that type, is a fighter. Accordingly he and Evans set to work to organize a new magazine, the National Post, to be run along the lines Merwin had pursued with Success Magazine.

The first week in February offers were made by the Crowell Publishing Company for the Success Magazine, but before the deal could be finished John Wanamaker and Gifford Pinchot grabbed the magazine for the spread of Insurgency. Merwin and Evans are to be connected once again with Success, and the National Post will not see the light of day.

The recent apology to the Standard Oil Company from Hampton's Magazine and Cleveland Moffett for an article in the February number of that magazine is also an illustration of the fact that a general campaign is on to suppress all criticism

of the corrupt and dirty work of the big capitalists.

Writing on the fight against adulterated food in Philadelphia, under the title, "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners," Mofett charged that the Standard Oil had sold poisoned glucose for the manufacture of cheap candies. In support of his statement he quoted the Philadelphia North American, a Wanamaker newspaper. That paper had, with scare heads, scorching editorials and bitter cartoons, flayed the Standard.

Immediately upon the appearance of the February number of Hampton's Magazine on the news stands, a lawyer for the Standard Oil demanded a retraction, and both the writer and the magazine crawled by making a public apology. None of the Philadelphia papers which scored the Standard Oil were forced to apologize, however.

Morgan's grip on the publishing business is already staggering. He controls the Harper Brothers publishing house, which publishes three very widely read magazines. Harper's Magazine is reputed to have a little more than 100,000 circulation; Harper's Weekly, about 100,000; Harper's Bazaar, a woman's magazine, is said to have 200,000 subscribers.

One of the leading figures in the Harper house is William Dean Howells, dean of American letters, who has a contract with the house for everything he writes. He's very radical, but one would hardly think so from most of his writings in the Harper publications.

The Woman's Home Companion, which Lamont controls, boasts a circulation of 850,000 copies a month. Farm and Fireside, another Lamont directed publication, claims a circulation of 500,000 copies a month.

Then, too, through that intimate relation among gentlemen on the board of directors of various corporations, Morgan is enabled to practically control the Associated Sunday magazines, with a circulation of a million copies weekly.

Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan's chief lieutenant in the work of organizing the publishing trust, is a former Wall street

newspaper reporter. Morgan took him into his banking business as a partner because of his knowledge of the publishing business, it is said, when he planned to silence the criticism of capital by the magazines. Lamont had made money and was a stockholder in the Crowell Publishing Company and in Duffield & Company, book publishers, when Morgan picked him up.

The Crowell Publishing Company, which appears to be the buying agency for the new trust, has made offers to buy out a number of magazines, and several deals are now pending, it is said. The aim of the new combination is to corner the old magazines, those which have a reputation for honesty and a big following.

It is reported that Frank A. Munsey, publisher of a chain of magazines, is willing to sell out to the new combine. Munsey, who is a friend of George W. Perkins, of profit-sharing fame, is reported to have made a fortune out of a stock pool manipulated by Perkins recently.

Few, if any, of the big magazines are free from some kind of connection with Wall street. Even the Outlook, of which T. R. is associate word-spinner, is connected with the Street through Standard Oil. One of the most prominent stockholders in Dr. Abbott's ancient Outlook is James Stillman, of the National City Bank of New York, a well known Standard Oil man.

The fight for complete control of all the big magazines by Morgan and his clique is on, and the triumph of the new trust is now only a matter of a few months, perhaps even weeks. With unlimited capital behind it, and controlling through Morgan much profitable advertising, the trust will be in a position to force the so-called independent magazines to sell out or be crushed out of existence.

Morgan is the king of finance. Muckraking must be stopped. Radical writers must be silenced. The doings of the big capitalists must not be heralded abroad in the land. This is the dictum of Morgan, and so far as the capitalist magazines are concerned, in the end, it will be obeyed.



# GAGGING THE POSTAL EMPLOYEES

BY  
ONE OF THEM



—Courtesy of Harpoon.

FILES OF UNROUTED MAIL, PITTSBURG, PA., DEC. 23RD.

## EXECUTIVE ORDER.

All officers and employes of the United States of every description, serving in or under any of the executive departments, and whether so serving, in or out of Washington, are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through association, to solicit an increase of pay or to influence or attempt to influence in their own interest any other legislation whatever, either before Congress or its committees, or in any way under which they serve, on penalty of dismissal from the government service.

**I**T will not take a man with a particularly active mind to grasp the significance of the above executive order. The purpose is, of course, to gag the men in the railway mail service, and the postal employes so that it will be possible to cut down the working force, increase our work and lengthen our hours of labor, and to make sure, at the same time that we wage-slaves are scared into utter silence in the face of such oppression.

Fortunately all postal employes, on entering the service, are required to take

oath "to uphold and defend the constitution of the United States." Now, the constitution specifically states, "that congress shall pass NO LAWS abridging the rights of FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS; the right to peaceable assemblage, nor THE RIGHT TO PETITION OUR GOVERNMENT FOR REDRESS OF WRONGS."

If the transportation industry were organized, or if even the "Intelligence Department" of that industry were organized, it would take in the mail service; the telegraph and telephone employes,

and there would be no need for this article, for our "organized economic power" would CONSTITUTE AND GUARANTEE our "rights."

But we are not so organized. We have "sick and benefit" societies that act in accord with the Hon. Postmaster General and his department. These "crafts" are called "Railway Mail Clerks," "The United National Association of Post-office Clerks," and an "Association of Letter Carriers," and because these "crafts" are not militant nor "independent of the Powers that Make their organization a necessity," we have no means of acting as a UNIT in the defense of the constitution and our rights as citizens.

Having sworn, however, to defend the constitution, and having no further course left me, silence would mean perjury. Besides self-preservation is the first law of nature, so I take this opportunity to pray for pardon for my tardiness in this matter and to make good my oath.

Perhaps you all know something of the great, silent and rather secret fight the postal employes are now making to prevent their workday being lengthened beyond human endurance and to prevent

their forces being cut down in the face of a steadily increasing amount of mail to handle. Just here we want to say a word about Urban A. Walter, editor of the *Harpoon*, published in Denver, Colo., and the splendid work being done by his paper for the postal employes. We are indebted to him for a constant campaign of publicity that is going to help us a whole lot in letting the public know how "Hitchcock's Post-office Economy" is demoralizing the whole service.

Human strength can only go so far. Beyond that we overworked men are unable to accomplish the double tasks Hitchcock's economy methods are trying to put upon us.

From all over the country complaints from the "business interests" are pouring into the office of the *Harpoon* and politicians heed the business man. Among others Pittsburg reports that stacks upon stacks of unrouted mail have been dumped into Pittsburg. This mail should have been separated and forwarded to destination, but, as is now the case in almost every state in the Union, mail is often sent West, or East UNSORTED, merely to be gotten out of the way, till it finally



UNROUTED MAIL, DENVER, DEC. 24TH, 1910.

—Courtesy of *Harpoon*.



may land in some obscure office where the clerks resort it and forward to original destination.

"Do you know, Mr. Hitchcock, there are 14,000 dissatisfied men in the railway service"? Mr. Canfield, president of the clerks' organization, had said while conferring with department officials at Washington early in December.

"Very well; we can get 14,000 better men"! came the reply. Think of it. With work piling up; with the force cut down, this is Hitchcock's answer to the MEN BEHIND THE ENGINE. The men who are distributing mail today. And last year there were 31 men in the railway mail service KILLED; 100 maimed and 617 injured, chiefly because the railroads are not compelled to supply steel mail cars.

To quote from the *Harpoon*:

"Even in cases where clerks are killed or injured on duty, orders direct division superintendents to take ADVANTAGE of VACANCIES so caused by imposing duties of injured clerks ON REMAINING MEN.

"IN DEFIANCE OF LAW, Hitchcock permitted a new all-pine car to be placed

in service on the Norfolk & Western July 30, 1910. Four clerks MET DEATH in that car on Christmas Eve."

Now listen, you fellow mail clerks. The RAILROADS are howling for LOANS from the Government today. They are demanding higher RATES all along the line. The Government REPRESENTS THEIR INTERESTS; NOT YOURS and MINE. You can see it if you have half the natural allotment of brains. We are GAGGED. The railroads are *represented*. They will get what they want at OUR EXPENSE.

We have to do something about it. In the first place, we have to remember that the Socialist party is the only party that represents the WORKERS. We must help it and thus help ourselves. But we do not need to wait till election. We can keep up this publicity campaign and above ALL, we can ORGANIZE. We MUST organize in ONE BIG UNION and then we will be in a position to stop BEGGING. Paste that in your hat and talk it over with the clerk next you. We cannot expect the representatives of CAPITAL to help US, because no man can serve capital and labor at the same time. Let us help ourselves.





## ONE WOMAN—A TRUE STORY

By

CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

**W**ITHOUT realizing that they were making a sort of admission in contradiction of the Socialist Party boast that its "campaign never ceases," the host of Socialist voters in the little manufacturing town of Weston had come to talk of the approaching "campaign rally" to be addressed by a noted speaker as "The last meeting of the campaign," and they seemed to look beyond it only to the "tremendous vote" which was going to result from the "great activity" of the past two months. With a sense of eager delight, they were looking forward to the final orgy of emotional enthusiasm.

With the arrival of the speaker, one day in advance of the meeting date and looking forward to his first day of rest on the tour, the enthusiasts redoubled their efforts to arouse interest throughout the town, spurred on by the fact that the final rallies of the Republican and Democratic parties were to be held in Weston on the same night.

The speaker was met at the boat and hurried to headquarters for a conference with the "campaign committee."

"Is it true," he asked, looking about wonderingly at the many eager faces in the room, "that you have no local here?"

From a dozen men at once came a vocal volley of confused explanation. There

had been a good local, but it had gone to pieces. They were going to reorganize two months ago, but before they got around to it they were too busy with the campaign. Anyway, there were a lot of good Socialists there, and they had a fighting chance to carry the town—and so on, with much detailed account of how this old Republican and that dyed-in-the-wool Democrat were going to vote the straight Socialist ticket, the first time they ever cast a Socialist vote in their lives.

"But there should be a local," declared the speaker.

"Oh! we'll start it up as soon as the campaign is over," cried several persons in the room.

"If the campaign ever is over there'll be no locals at all, nor any purpose in their existence," said the speaker. "We'll organize tomorrow night, at the close of the rally, and plan to carry on the campaign."

### II.

At the close of an hour's talk the speaker, having set the crowd cheering with a word picture of the proletarian revolution triumphant and the era of production for use begun, paused for the applause to die away and the collection to be taken up; then he said:

"Comrades and Friends: One stage of our perpetual campaign ends tonight. Its



result in the vote cast for our principles and candidates tomorrow may mean much in encouraging the party workers to renewed effort. If it does not mean that it does not mean much, though it doubtless will have the effect of setting people thinking and of causing the old party officials to be a little more careful in what they do where any special interest of the wage workers is involved. Let us be prepared to take up the work on Wednesday; let us have the machinery to work with. As Socialists we are believers in machinery, in organized effort, and we know that only through organized effort can we hope to accomplish anything of great importance. We must reorganize Local Weston tonight, to exist and work actively for the revolution day by day, month by month, year by year, until the fight be won."

There was some snappy but scattering applause, while the audience began rising by ones and twos, then in little bunches, and finally in a mass, as flocks of frightened wild fowl rise from the marshes at some alarm. In a minute more the bulk of the audience was moving toward the door. For those who were leaving the last thrills of political enthusiasm for that year had been experienced, and for them the campaign was at an end.

The speaker waited until all was quiet once more, making no effort to catch and hold the interest of those who chose to go. He smiled with gratification when he saw that nearly a hundred men and women had remained. It was more than he had looked for.

Carefully he went over the ground he had to cover, showing by many illustrations as well as through the presentation of facts the strength and effectiveness of organized effort and the weakness of mere emotional enthusiasm in occasional bursts. He spoke of the reactionary effects which follow emotional campaigning, and the means which must be taken to meet the condition and make use of the momentum gained in the exciting pre-election weeks to carry on the perpetual campaign.

"In a place like Weston," he went on, "where we let our hopes run high for the election while we let the party organization sink out of existence, the disappointment we shall feel when we find, as I am

afraid we shall, that we have no more than doubled our vote, instead of carrying the town, will be most dangerous. Let each be resolved, then, to do his or her part, no matter who else may fail."

It was a silent and solemn little audience that faced him when he finished his preliminary address and called upon his hearers to come up and sign application cards, but in the end forty-seven responded to the call.

### III.

On Thursday night, two days after election, thirty-one of the forty-seven members of the reorganized local gathered at the meeting place and told each other mournfully that the sixty per cent increase in the vote over that of two years before was "a splendid showing," and that next time they surely would carry the district and elect their candidate to the legislature. They elected officers of the local, selecting one of the women comrades as recording secretary "because she would have more time to attend to the work and was willing to accept." They talked of what might be done if only such and such favorable conditions existed, considered a motion to put an active organizer in the field, and laid it over to the next meeting; discussed a suggestion to have a speaker from outside come to deliver a propaganda address once or twice a month, and decided it would be hard to get out a crowd "so soon after election." Then they talked over a suggestion made by the speaker who had organized the local, that house-to-house loaning of books and pamphlets, to be exchanged weekly, be undertaken, and decided that it would be a good thing if it could be done. At 10 o'clock, with eighteen members still present, they adjourned.

On the following Thursday seventeen members came to the meeting place, first and last, but the largest number in attendance at any one time was nine, only two more than the designated legal quorum. The secretary, a gray-haired woman with keen, earnest eyes, watched and listened wistfully while the proceedings dragged along. Unable to bear it any longer she arose at length, trembling with dread of helplessness, and for the first time in her life tried to address a meeting. She did it blunderingly, and twice fell painfully silent, while the hearts of the handful of

listeners ached for her. She managed to make a motion, however, that a committee of three be elected to take pamphlets from house to house, leaving them to be called for and exchanged for others wherever anybody would promise to read them. The motion was carried, and three of the young men in the meeting elected. The secretary was authorized to obtain a supply of suitable literature.

Two members of the committee on literature distribution and four other members of the local, including the secretary, appeared at the next meeting, which was adjourned for lack of a quorum after the secretary had reported that the pamphlets ordered had not arrived, and urged that the elected members of the committee come to the meeting a week later, when she believed the literature would have arrived.

The following meeting was attended by one of the committee members—a young machinist—and the secretary. The pamphlets had come, and the young man was given a supply. Then the "meeting" was adjourned, though the secretary sat for a long time in the deserted room, thinking, wondering if there could be any use in keeping on. She remembered a bill for the rent of the hall for the coming month, which she had received that day, and thought over the improbability of there being any quorum meeting to authorize its payment and the fact that there was no money in the treasury to pay it anyhow. This was the end, then, clearly. It was quite simple. She had done her best, but what some of the Socialists had said on many occasions in the past—that there was no use in trying to keep a local going in Weston—doubtless was true after all.

Still she sat there, thinking, while the heavy minutes crept away in the silence of the deserted meeting room.

*"Let each be resolved to do his or her part, no matter who else may fail,"* she murmured. Then she went home.

The young machinist, leaving the meeting place early in the evening with the bundle of pamphlets under his arm, felt increasing diffidence as he glanced at the lighted windows he was passing. Twice he paused, at points several blocks apart, after walking a long way in his indecision, but then went on. He tried to satisfy

himself that it would be better to begin his work in the daytime, some Sunday, and had all but succeeded when a sudden sense of shame and cowardice drove him precipitately through the nearest gate. Plunging up to the house, in fear of the task before him and greater fear of failing, he knocked on the door, and in another moment found himself haltingly explaining his errand to a shirt-sleeved man whom he remembered having met in the saloons down-town on several occasions.

"Socialism, eh"? responded the man. "I never took much stock in it and don't know much about it. I guess, maybe, it would be a good thing if it could ever get anywhere. Oh, sure, I'll read the stuff if you want to leave it."

Greatly encouraged, the committee worker went up to the next house. A woman, answering his knock, sniffed indignantly at the word Socialism, and seemed inclined to close the door, when a man came up behind her, asked what was up, growled at the visitor, saying Socialists were fools and could waste their own time if they wanted to, but not his, and closed the door. The committeeman was covered with a cold sweat of rage and humiliation and, leaving the rest of the pamphlets in his lodgings as he passed them, went to spend the rest of the evening in the saloons. He did not come to the next meeting of the local. Only one member was there, in fact—the secretary. She had paid another month's rent herself. For an hour she sat reading, thinking, wondering again if there could be any possible use in her coming there another night.

"There may be some of them here next Thursday night," she told herself as she turned out the lights. "I'd hate to have them disappointed if they should come. I'll come again."

#### IV.

The "reorganized" local was four months old, and for three months only one member had known that on Thursday nights the door stood open, the lights turned on, and that in the minute book there was an entry for every meeting night of all that time, even the night of the big storm, and all entries the same:

"No meeting for lack of quorum."



On the first Thursday of the fifth month the secretary, after a long struggle with her dying hopes and longings, decided to give up the useless labor. Many times she had thought of it before, as she had thought of other things and decided against them. She had contemplated going to each member of the local with a plea to come to the meetings, but her heart had failed her. She could not bear to put herself in the position of trying to shame anyone into doing what she felt that all would be more than glad to do for the movement if only they could get started right.

Now, at last, she had decided to give up. There seemed to be nothing else to do. All her own money was gone, and to pay another month's rent for the room which served as a meeting hall she must obtain money from her husband, who was not enthusiastic over Socialism and less inclined to approve of her weekly pilgrimages.

As 8 o'clock drew near she felt her heart sinking. She pictured to herself some comrade coming to the locked door of the darkened room and turning away. She could not bear it. Once more she would go.

Throwing a shawl over her head she ran to the darkened business block where the meetings had been held and hurriedly climbed the stairs, in fear that someone might have got there already and found the hall locked.

No one was there. She turned on the lights and began her lonely vigil, grieving the while over the sense that this time, certainly must be the last. So, grieving, she fell asleep, dreaming of the prophetic pictures of a sane social and economic existence for the human race, and the passing of all the black horror of the capitalist system. In her dream she heard, faintly and from far away, the march of the workers, banded together at last to win the world from the despoilers for their own. The dream-sounds of footfalls awoke her, and she sat up, startled, filled for a moment with bewildered joy. Then the lingering illusions of the dream faded from her mind, passing away with the wraiths of all her dead hopes.

With a sob she arose to turn out the lights for the last time, and then paused,

her heart beating wildly, as she heard the sound of many footsteps on the stairs.

## V

It was a chance meeting in a saloon down-town that Thursday that helped to make a little history for the organized Socialist movement in Weston. The young machinist who nearly four months before had grown quickly discouraged over the duties he had assumed met the one man who had accepted a pamphlet from him. When the hellos had been said and a beer or two drunk together, the question was asked:

"Did you read that pamphlet I left with you?"

"Did I"? was the response. "Well, I guess yes, and then waited a month for you to show up with more. After that I sent for some that were advertised in that one. Say, there was a fellow next door to me—I s'pose it was you tackled him—worked in the same shop with me, and he was grouchy as hell and down on Socialism, he was. I tried to make him read the pamphlets, but for a long time it was no go. Used to make him fighting mad for me to speak of Socialism, and he said he chucked one sucker out that came to his house one night with such stuff. Well, after a lot of talk I got him reading, and now he's red hot for it."

The machinist hung his head. "Come on," he said after a moment. "This is meeting night of the local. I wonder if there's anybody there!"

Having a presentiment that he would find no one, he left the new convert at the bottom of the stairs while he went up to see. From the head of the stairway he saw the light and tiptoed forward. With his heart in his throat he went up to the sleeping secretary. Her record-book lay open on the table, and he read the last entry, "No meeting for lack of quorum," and then, turning back the pages, the other entries, all the same.

"All by herself, by God"! he whispered, awestruck.

Softly he made his way out of the room, frantically trying to think of names of party members and remember where they lived. To the man waiting at the bottom of the stairs he told enough to send him hurrying to get the formerly recalcitrant neighbor, while he himself sped on his

own errand from house to house in different parts of town.

Five of the old members he found, enough, with himself and the secretary, to make a quorum, and waited for no more, but rushed back to the hall with the men he had gathered, arriving, as it happened, just in time. The two non-members were waiting, and together the eight men went up to the meeting.

They pretended to believe the secretary was really laughing as she bent over her record book, and they argued with each other on chance subjects, quite out of order and with much noise, until she raised a beaming face to look over the meeting.

"Anything special to come before us

tonight, Comrade Secretary"? asked the young machinist, who had been selected as chairman.

"This is the night set for election of officers," she answered in a tone as matter-of-fact as she could make it.

So they re-elected the secretary, in spite of her protests, took a collection and paid the back rent, admitted two applicants for membership, increasing the number of members present to nine, and these nine they divided up into six working committees to get things done.

All that happened quite a while ago, but every one of the two hundred and seventeen members of Local Weston knows the leading facts. There never has been a no-quorum night since then.



FIRST SINGING OF THE MARSEILLAISE BY ROUGET DE LISLE.



# THE WORK OF MAXIMILIAN LUCE

BY

ARISTIDE  
PRATELLE

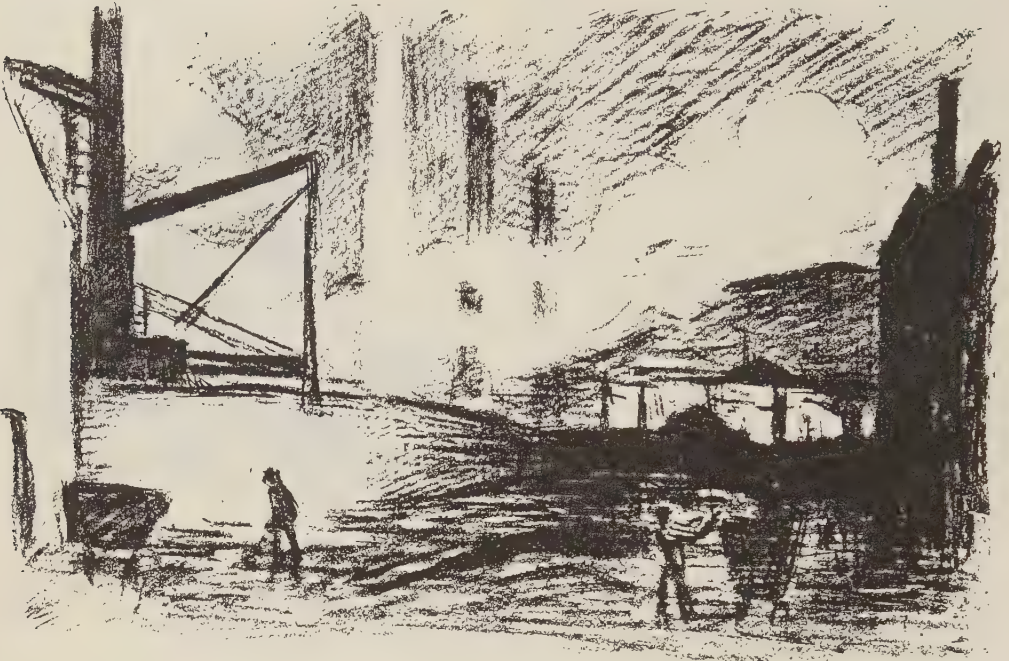


MAXIMILIAN LUCE.

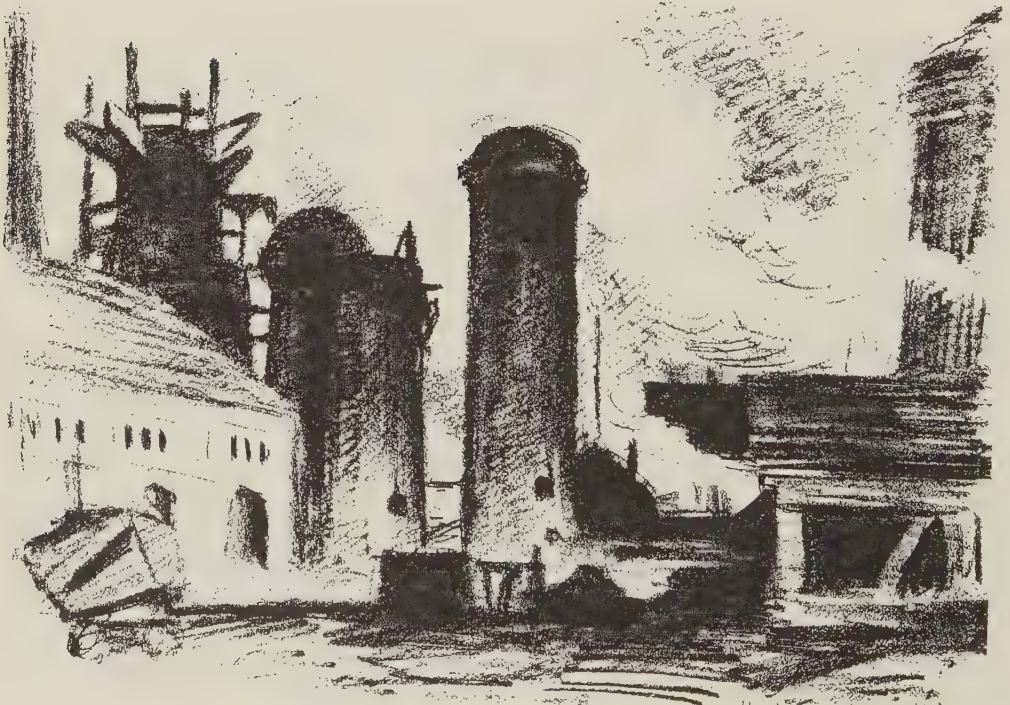
**C**APITALISM is doomed. Grounded on mere brute force, on the authority of man upon man; reeking with selfishness and greed, showing only to our conscious eyes a disgusting spectacle of plunder and assassination, rapid or slow, ferocity and cowardice, capitalism is doomed to perish in a good deal less time than has been necessary for it to reach its prime. It is doomed to die of violent death, not only because, in accordance with a well-known economic principle, it carries in its own bosom the very evil that will destroy it, but also, and over all, because the humanity of tomorrow, free-minded and freedom-loving will no longer endure the heavy burden of wage-slavery on its shoulders.

Look at these pictures. And tell me what a lesson they will teach to the rising generations, to these healthy, wise, fraternal generations which will be no longer the slaves of the machines. Indeed, they will put before their eyes some strange sights, quite uncommon to them, some weird life—scenes never to be found by them in their ambience; they will give them insight into the past which will fill

them with the greatest astonishment; they will tell them a tale which mere words are powerless to convey, a tale of bondage and tyranny, a tale of deprivation of all these joys which make life worthy to be lived. Here the very features of capitalism are seen in their glaring contrasts. Like as many mushrooms, ugly wooden and brick buildings, geometrical derricks, heavy furnaces, lofty chimney-stacks, have sprung up from vast areas of land which are no longer green and flowing. Here, the polluted waters are no longer lively with silvery fish. Here the atmosphere, darkened with soot and smoke, is no longer bracing and sweet-smelling. Capitalism is not good to breathe. Indeed, if such a nightmare were to survive only one or two centuries more, our humanity would certainly evolve into quite another animal species; with all the germs of decrepitude and death running into its veins. With no more air to breathe, pure water to drink and good food to eat, it would rapidly pass away, victim of its own folly. Then, away with Capitalism, away with Greed and Authority, if we want to go on living!



A COKE OVEN.

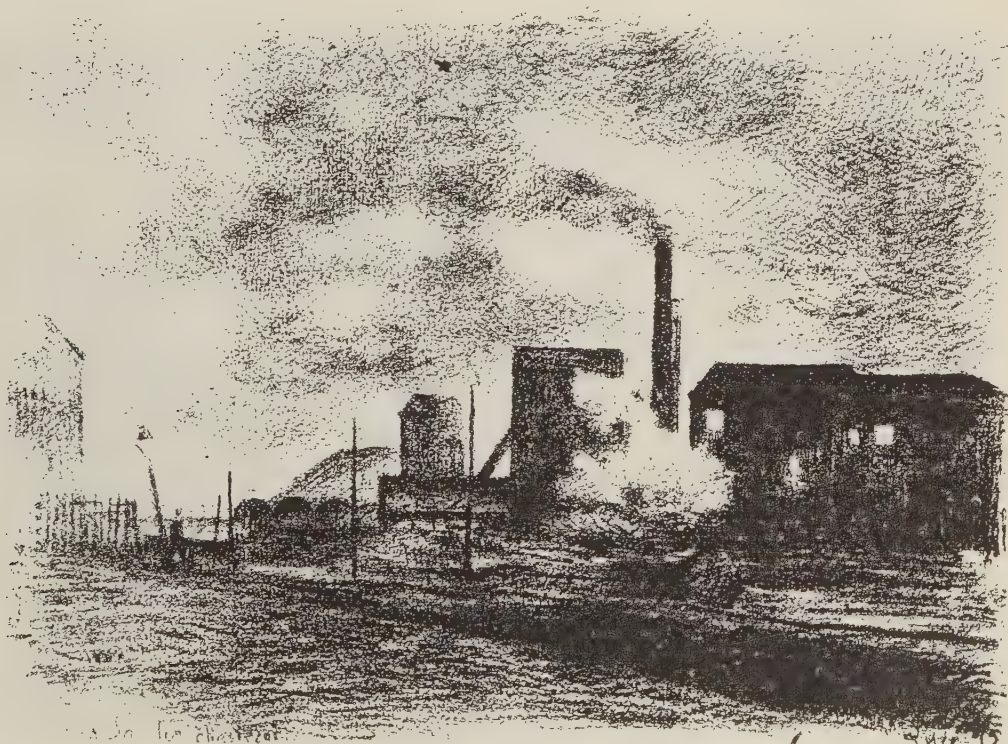


BUILDING FURNACES.



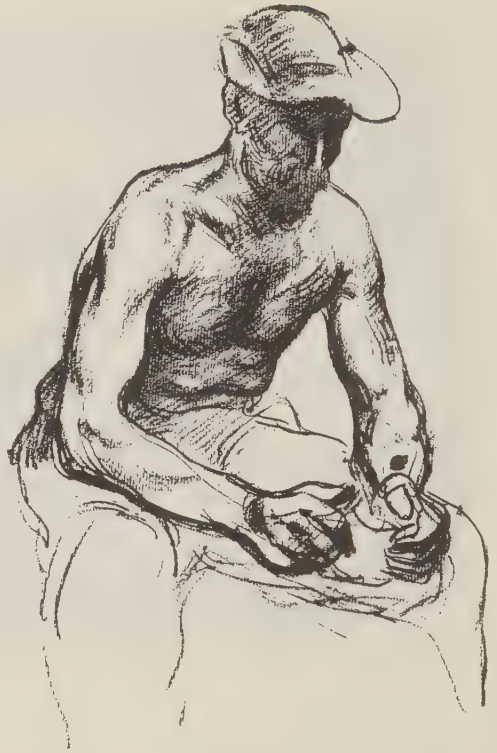


A BRICK OVEN.



BANKS OF THE SOMBRE, CHARLEROI, BELGIUM.

It is the magic pencil of the draughtsman, which, better than any other artist, can find beauty in the life of these industrial lives of the present day, in these hells created by man, from which beauty seemed to have been banished once for all. Since many years, with his usual passion and perseverance, our good friend and comrade Maximilian Luce has steadily noted for the future generations the pitiful landscapes of our industrial cities, during that period of realism in which we live. Here is a series of first-rate black and white sketches which will show to our American comrades how sincere is the artistic skill of Luce. As can be seen, Luce excels in dealing with "the turmoil of the countries of fire and coal" in giving us a glimpse of the activity of the producers of wealth, in mills, factories and workshops. No doubt his sketches of



A WORKINGMAN.



A WORKINGMAN.

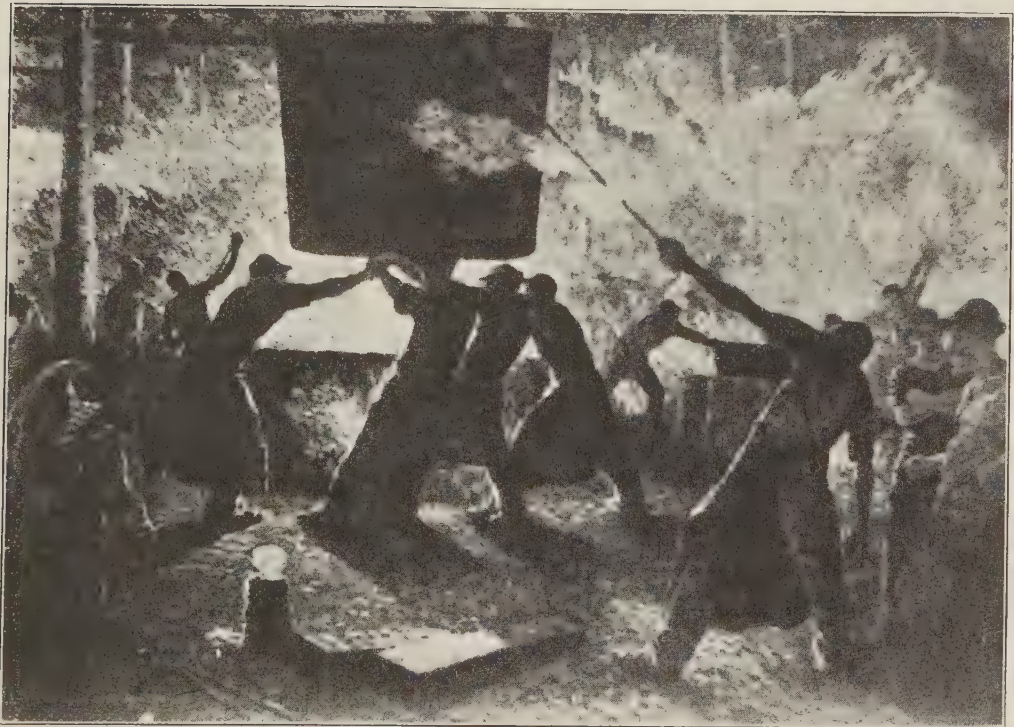
furnaces and coke-ovens can hold comparison with the best pencil-productions of Constantin Mennier. No doubt that his admirable, astonishing drawing: "rapping melted steel" shows us a group of human bodies as beautiful and impressing as Rembrandt's "Night-watch."

But, it is in the various attitudes of his workingmen, either at work, in their rhythmical motions, or at rest, when standing erect or sitting to eat a meal, that the art of Luce seems to reach the acme of its simple grandeur, nobleness and harmony. Indeed, these are exquisite documents on the shelves of capitalism which the generations of today will bequeath to their descendants. To our eyes, these drawings have the serene majesty of Greek Art. But, better than Greek Art, these durable, definitive sketches of our era of transition fill our hearts with endless hopes in the future progress of the human race!





A WORKINGMAN.



RAPPING MOLTEN STEEL.

# BEGINNERS' COURSE IN SOCIALISM

## AND THE ECONOMICS OF KARL MARX

BY

MARY E. MARCY

### V. Low Prices and More About Profits

**W**E know that strength to work, or labor-power is a commodity. The value of a commodity is determined by the necessary social labor time contained in it.

If it takes three hours of social labor to produce the necessities of life for you one day, the value of your labor-power one day will be three hours of necessary social labor.

Figure A will represent the value of your labor power, because 3 hours of social labor are contained in the necessities of life which will support you one day.

Let Figure C represent your product for one day. It contains 9 hours of labor-time. The capitalist who employs you will need to return to you sufficient value to enable you to pay for A (or the cost of living).

Figure B is equal to A because it contains 3 hours of labor. It represents the value returned to you by the boss in the shape of gold or wages.

We know that A is equal to B. And we know that C contains three times the value of A or B. We know also that the capitalist is constantly trying to prolong C into TEN or even ELEVEN hours, and that capitalists cut wages whenever and wherever possible. It is only by constant struggle that the working class has been able to maintain its position, to secure a, perhaps nominal, increase in wages, or a shorter workday.

It is self-evident that if you secure more wages (B) there will be less of the value of your product (C) remaining for the capitalist employing you, just as a reduction in wages leaves more surplus value for him.

An increase in the length of your workday (C) to ten hours will leave 7 hours of unpaid labor instead of SIX. A shorter workday will leave less surplus value for the capitalist.

Reformers believe that if we could decrease the cost of living we would better our condition. They think if A (the cost of living) were lowered, we could save a part of our wages (B). Of course, the value of our labor-power falls with a decrease in the value of the necessities of life, but they imagine we might be able to lower the cost of living without suffering a corresponding decrease in wages.

Personally, you know if your landlord should cut your rent down one-half next

Value of labor power

3 hours labor

A

necessities of  
life 1 day.

Your product one day

NINE HOURS of LABOR

value returned  
to you in  
wages.

C

3 hrs of labor

WAGES

3 hours labor

B

gold  
or money.



month, you would have more money left to spend for other things. Personally, you know if your brother offered to board you at half the regular rate, you could save a still larger sum of money next month. This is true of your individual case.

But we are not talking about individual cases, though we use concrete examples for the sake of making things clear. We are asking if **LOW PRICES** would benefit the wage-working **CLASS**.

We will suppose an extreme example in order to illustrate our explanation. Suppose the city of Chicago should buy up all the houses, flats and cottages that rent to the working **CLASS** here, and suppose this city should cut rents down one-half. Suppose that Chicago had municipal ownership and it was possible for the city to reduce the cost of living here 50 per cent. What we want to consider is—would the reduction benefit the working **CLASS** or that part of the capitalist **CLASS** not directly engaged in producing the necessities of life?

When the cost of living is greatly reduced at any given city, workingmen and women flock to that point to sell their labor-power. They believe that if they can get jobs where it costs less to **LIVE**, they will be able to save money and, perhaps, finally climb into the capitalist class themselves.

But note what happens. There is an immediate influx of workers into the city of low prices. The competition **AMONG WORKERS** for jobs becomes more keen at once, and it is always keen. Capitalists purchase labor-power at the lowest price. Men and women offer to sell their labor-power at a lower and still lower price till wages again fall to the cost of living. In a very short time these workers will find that they have gained nothing.

Take the examples of A, B and C. When the cost of living (A) is cut in half, the competition, among the sellers of labor-power, reduces wages (B) accordingly. If your capitalist employer is a steel manufacturer, will he be able to appropriate **MORE** or **LESS** of the value of your product?

Capitalists rarely start industrial enterprises in Alaska because the cost of living (or value of labor-power) is so extremely high in the far north that there is

very little surplus value left for them there.

The value of a commodity is determined by the average social labor contained in it. The Alaska steel manufacturer would have to compete in a world market just as the Bethlehem and Gary mills compete, and it is **NECESSARY** social labor only that makes value.

Reports are coming from Guatemala of cotton manufacturers who are locating and establishing cotton mills there. The natives of Central America can live on very low wages. Almost all natives in Guatemala build and own their own thatched huts. The climate is warm and artificial heat is never needed. Nobody requires steam heat or base-burners. A cotton shirts and cotton trousers clothe a man as well as his neighbors, so that the cost of clothing is a very negligible quantity. Bread fruit and bananas grow wild, and 10 or 12 cents a day will keep a native in comfort. A recent magazine article, which dwelt upon the advantages to capital in Central America, reports that the Guatemala natives receive, on the average, 9, 10 or 12 cents a day.

If the Central American natives were driven to toil as fiercely as are we of the states, Guatemala would be a heaven for capitalists. But it is still possible for them to live without much labor. When, however, the capitalists gain control of the land, so that the natives will be **FORCED** to sell their **LABOR-POWER** in order to **LIVE**, more exploiters of labor will turn toward the land where the cost of living is almost nothing (labor-power of little value), and where they will be able to appropriate a still larger portion of unpaid labor.

From no angle can we find where low prices will benefit the working **CLASS** for any appreciable length of time, because the struggle for jobs soon brings wages down to just about enough to live on.

### Questions.

The workingmen and women of Belgium have long labored to reduce the cost of living in Belgium. They have formed co-operatives and we learn that they actually **HAVE** been able to lower the prices on the necessities of life. If we had list prices of groceries in Belgium, we would probably be amazed at the differ-

ence in their prices and in ours. And still only recently a Belgian Socialist wrote us that his country was still the Heaven for capitalists and the hell for workingmen and women.

Will wages in Belgium be as high as they are in Colorado or in Ohio? Why not? Are the Belgium comrades any better off than we are?

If every workingman owned his own home in Indianapolis or in Salt Lake City, would this tend to INCREASE or to DECREASE wages there? Explain why.

Why do the owners of factories usually build them in small towns? Why are there so few factories in New York and Chicago?

Is the wage-worker exploited of his product at the mine or factory or is he CHEATED when he spends his wages for the necessities of life?

Before you reply to the above question, reply to the following:

What determines the value of your labor-power? What determines the value of any commodity?

Does A (the cost of living) have anything to do with the amount of B (wages) you will receive?

If B (wages) are not equal in value to A (the cost of living) will this mean that you HAVE NOT RECEIVED the value of your labor-power, or will it mean that the grocer and butcher, and clothier are cheating you?

If wages (B) are reduced will your employer be able to appropriate more surplus value?

Owing to the improved methods of production the necessities of life are slowly decreasing in value. A contains less

labor; is less valuable. Gold also is decreasing in value, contains less social labor. What would be the natural explanation of the fact that gold today exchanges for FEWER commodities than it did five years ago? Which would you expect to have decreased most in value—gold or the necessities of life?

If the value of the necessities of life decreased FASTER than the value of gold decreased would prices of the necessities fall? In this case B would be of more value than A. Would wages continue to be of more value than A for very long?

Would general co-operatives for reducing the cost of living in America benefit the working class? Or would they tend to reduce wages? Why?

Will we have to exclude the natives of Central America from the United States in order to prevent them from competing with us to sell their labor-power? Or are they already taking jobs from American cotton workers even though working in Guatemala? Explain.

(In Lesson VI we shall take up high prices and monopoly prices. This is such a big subject that we do not wish to start it in this very short lesson. But we will be glad if the study classes will read Chapter III, page 106 (of the new Kerr edition) of Socialism, Utopian and Scientific for what Frederick Engels has to say about *panics*. We shall discuss panics later and the classes may as well be taking up this subject themselves. Read on through page 116. Pages 115 and 116 contain the best short explanation of panics that was ever written. If you happen to have copies of the old edition, read Chapter III.)





## PORTO RICO

BY

LEAH GAY

**I**T is raining from an insignificant cloud in a sky of polished turquoise. Drenched bees cling to the points of waxy leaves, drugged by the scent of white lilies that lie choked in the embrace of a slender vine bearing sprays of coral-pink blossoms. A mocking bird is amusing himself up in the palm tree that shades my balcony; behind me in the living room of our tiny house, the girls are tying up gifts in regulation holly ribbon brought down from the States in September. Behind us the mountains look like lengths of stiff, changeable purple-and-green velvet, crushed along the horizon. In front of us, the sea, irritated by the unwelcome caresses of the trade winds, curls up long, frothy waves on the beach.

And this is Porto Rico, on the day before Christmas.

One of the girls shouts and I look up to see a pathetic little procession pass. I watch it until it is lost in a turn of the village street. A boy, perhaps nine years old, maybe fifteen, is carrying on his head

a small coffin. The lad wears a man's canvas coat and a pair of short, tight trousers; nothing else. The coffin is made on the lines of those that used to haunt our childish dreams, and it is covered with sky-blue cambric, fastened with brass tacks.

One end of the coffin lid is fast, the other slides back and forth over the opening that it was intended to cover; and an ill-made wreath of double, orange-colored hybiscus flowers fastened to the free end of the top, sweeps rythmically across the narrow shoulders of the youthful pall-bearer. It requires little imagination for one who has lived a few months in Porto Rico to fancy the pitiable finery that hides the wasted limbs and the tiny, ghostly face open to the rain and the smiling heavens.

A man and a handful of children drag along behind the boy; and you may be sure that not one of these young ones is a girl. "El Costumbre" forbids that a woman follow a corpse.

These children are all clad, after some fashion or the other, but they went about stark naked until they were three years old. And more than half of the little humans that are born die before they have worn a garment. Those that persist, fade, dwindle and after the impetus of infantile lustiness is spent, become easy prey to tropical anemia—that you in the States know as hookworm.

There can be little question but that the inability of Porto Ricans to resist disease—their physical degeneracy—is due to centuries of Spanish misrule. Everywhere one is appalled at the multiple effects of generations of ignorance and insufficient nutrition. All along the splendid military roads that vein the island, built in the time of Ponce de Leon and maintained through the years at no one knows what cost of blood and tears, there sit the bloated, pallid, dull-eyed creatures that live by the *atius* tossed to them alike from Spanish “*coches*” with clanging bells and from the screaming, careening, malodorous American automobiles.

It is significant that these hookworm victims come from the lowest class of natives, the “*hombres*”—a word used as you use “*hand*” in the States. The *hombre* is invariably bare-footed; he is small of stature, lean and he moves as if he were tired—as if his mother and his father and his forebears, centuries back, were tired. And I feel sure that they were tired. It makes me tired to attempt to compute the depth that has yawned since the day that Columbus discovered this smiling island, between those that have piped and those that have danced.

And the wonder is that those worn-out, wasted ones—the *hombres*—have, in spite of all the conditions that have worked against them, retained the sensitive, temperamental values that characterize not only themselves but the two classes above them. That is to say, that to be a Porto Rican, without respect to class, is to be amiable, gay, fond of color, music, singing and dancing; and it is to be generous with a fine unconscious grace.

But the clever hand of civilization has not yet manipulated the *hombre* into a wage-slave. A sewing girl will contract for one-half day’s service—not an hour more. If she sews in the forenoon, she may wish to sew in the afternoon; maybe

not. The wives of American capitalists, wishing to get all the summer clothing made here at the wage of fifty cents the day, fume and fuss over their inability to buy such labor by the week and the month. Finally they are obliged to grow philosophical and they explain to a newcomer that you must get done what you can. “For these people are all alike,” they assert.

The manager of the dinkey railway running between Rio Piedras and Cuaguas has been obliged to import Irish laborers from New York because he cannot induce *hombres* to work for two consecutive days. What’s the use? The *hombre* needs no fire, the clothes question is negligible; he can live on beans and rice; bananas grow wild and what he euphoni-ously calls “*leche de mi madre*” (mother’s milk), sugar cane, grows on every hill. That these hills and what they produce are owned by American capital does not deter him from helping himself—until he is caught in the act.

For domestic servants—cooks, gardeners, nurses and coachmen—the capitalist must send to St. Thomas or St. Kitts—to any of the islands about here where England, France or Denmark has spent centuries in making good wage slaves out of the children of black kings.

I have said that Porto Ricans are generous; and we find this love of sharing does not depend on whether the possessor of the commodity to be shared has superfluity. I have seen a poor vegetable vendor require his well-to-do patrons to wait until he has hunted out pennies to give to a professional beggar that came every day. I have yet to see a person asking alms turned away empty-handed from the poorest hut. Sometimes it is a bit of squash, sometimes it is a handful of rice that is offered, but the donation is made cheerfully, and it is received with unvarying blessings.

Half a dozen poor families here in the village are giving lodging and food—rice, beans and codfish at the best—to the poor relatives that come from the interior of the island to our better schools. This kindness is not extended grudgingly and there is no thought of recompense; it is considered an honor to be asked to share.

The houses in which this poorest class lives are one-roomed affairs, set up on the



tron-like, twisted trunks of mangrove trees, some four or five feet above the ground. This living on stilts is to save them from damp, from ants and fleas. There are also scorpions and centipedes, but the bite of neither is serious. Harmless lizards, from two to twelve inches long, run everywhere; they chase insects—mosquitoes and spiders—over one's mosquito net so often that one soon forgets that they are reptiles.

There are no flies and there is nothing dangerous on the island—except poverty.

The roofs of the *hombres'* houses are thatched with sugar cane leaves. The sides are made of braided palm fronds of interwoven banana leaves and sometimes of wood; rarely (and this is great good fortune for the possessor) of corrugated iron. Cooking is done out in the open on a charcoal brazier and water is got from springs and old Spanish wells that have picturesque stone curbs. What clothing is not bleaching on the nearest shrubs is on the backs of the family. A poor quality of aerated bread, if this family can afford bread, is bought from the nearest *panoderia*, a primitive bakery.

The only means of sanitation provided indoors or out is a goat. And even a goat has its limitations. Hence the malodors so persistent that the sweetness of waxy, perfumed blossoms by the million only serve to sicken one. These are smells of garlic and of rank spices; and then there are unnameable smells.

But garments are beautifully white, owing to the natural bleaching process of many showers and continual, fierce sunshine all day long. And there is little dirt as we know dirt, due to the fact that there is little true soil compared with the quantities of sand, and because practically nothing besides charcoal—made from the wood of rose-apple trees—is used for fuel.

No house in Porto Rico is too mean to harbor some sort of a musical instrument. Squaking graphophones assail one on lonely roads from out the doors of mere huts. Flutes and violins are common. There is a crude sort of guitar, and every boy knows how to make a musical instrument out of a gourd. Native music is weird, tragic, fascinating, "*Borinquen*" (*Pearl of the Sea*), the title of the national air, so called because this is the Indian

name for Porto Rico, goes through one as would the cry of some collective creature, protesting against annihilation.

This music is Indian, first of all; but it shows Spanish, Arabic and African influences. In fact, it is only very recently that the American drum has replaced the tom-tom. And there still persists in *San-turce* a modification of the *bailebumba*, a pure negro dance brought from Africa by the slaves who, escaping by the way of the Windward Island, found asylum for hundreds of years on *Borinquen*.

It stopped raining half an hour ago and the heat is quivering over the dried roadway. As I write these words, a suggestion of what awaits the *baile-bumba* and all that is attractive because of its outlandishness, in Porto Rico, flashes, shrieking, past me. This is the automobile of an American who owns a hundred acres of pineapples and a thousand acres of sugar cane.

One sees in the man in the back seat of this machine the irresistible force that shall grind to a pale unanimity care-free *hombre*, traditional middle-class Porto Rican and the proud families that still boast of the grandeur that was Spain's.

This one thing, American capital, that has brought about the public school system of the island, will in one generation more force the *hombre* to sell himself by the month for life. His wife will have a sewing machine, his boys will demand bicycles and his daughters will weep for a piano.

The conservative merchant of today will be forced to make certain concessions of his commercial dignity to attract to himself a sufficient measure of the trade that is not big enough to go around. And the proudest *Don Senor* will swallow his traditions and accept patronage from the hands of the new ruling class, in the placing of his sons.

Already on this little scrap of earth—sun-bathed, wind-kissed, instinct with superstition and poetry, the tragic processes of civilization have begun. Soon this dreamy *Borinquen* must become conscious of the travail attending the development of her resources and the resultant exploitation of her humankind. And she must go through her appointed labors, until at last, for very agony, she

will waken in the gold of the new dawn—to a realization of her place and part in the universal brotherhood of peoples.

And may the good genii that, through centuries of Spanish oppression, have pre-

served to Borniquen her laughter, her ready tears and her open hand, cover these graces with triple-plate asbestos to save them in the fire of her epoch of capitalistic purgatory.

## THE SEAL HUNTERS

BY

R. PAGE LINCOLN

**E**ARLY spring on the bleak, far-stretching shores of Newfoundland, witnesses in the neighborhood of a hundred or more staunchen vessels steaming out of the eastern harbors fully manned by a joyous crowd of rough and ready individuals, heading for the sealing grounds that lie to the northward. As an industry this pursuit is filled with a great deal of danger and excitement, yet those that ship out on these vessels have grown up to a task-trying life and are best fitted for this perilous calling.

Accidents there are at times galore, but it is by far safer now than it was in the past when sailing vessels had to be relied upon solely to carry them over the gigantic waves and through the dangerous floating islands of icebergs that often beset the path of the ships. In the days of long ago every contrivance that would bear a sail was rigged out with one and sent to the ice-floes to bring in the costly pelts that go to make the "elect" snug and warm. It is safe to say that in those times over half of the people of Newfoundland were at sea. It was a common occurrence that vessels which set out in the business never returned. Gray-bearded old-timers will often draw together a crowd of young adventurers, and during the long winter evenings, spin their yarns of the sorrow they had known or witnessed.

Seal fishing in the past was worked under rather crude methods, one of the most advanced steps of the time was to

capture the seals by aid of heavy woven nets, which were stretched across channels known to be used by the seals in their swimming from place to place. The most hazardous manner was to sail out in small skiffs and shoot the creatures when they came up on the ice-pans. Records show that as far back as 1795, 5,000 seals, on the average, constituted the yearly catch under the old methods. Later, when the large sailing vessels came into use, the industry took a sudden leap and thereafter progressed gradually, each year's catch mounted to a high and still higher figure, until in 1839, records show a catch of 700,000 seals for that season.

Eventually steam took the place of the sail and the ships that set out for the sealing grounds at the present day are models of security and completeness, the sealers finding a great deal of pleasure in making a trip of this kind, while in the past it was a continual drudgery from early morn till evening with not one spark of joy to ease the every-day routine. Utterly worn out after the day's toil the sealers would seek their bunks at an early hour and then tumble out in the morning for a renewal of the past days work. Hence it was rather monotonous. Now, with the labors considerably lightened and various forms of amusement at hand to occupy their spare hours, the time passes faster and the few hours before bedtime are a joy to the men.

The seal hunter cuts rather a queer figure in his heavy blue shirt, his big trousers and the tough seal-skin boots, all of which are for the most part fashioned by



the man himself to suit his fancy. The hunter takes every care that he shall not freeze, hence he is warmly clad at all times.

Seen on the ice they are an odd-appearing crowd, all wearing blue-colored spectacles, each armed with a "spike" tipped pole and each bearing a long knife in his belt. The seal is killed with the "spike" and the pelt is removed by aid of the sheath knife—the method being very simple in procedure.

At some time in the early autumn the great army of seals start out on their trip southward. They are divided into two groups, one coming from the shores of Greenland and the other coming from the extreme end of Labrador. In the southernmost portion of Labrador they meet and thence proceed southward, assembling about the first week in December off the shores of Newfoundland. Here they gradually turn their course and once again swim northward, their destination being the breeding grounds, or the "whelping ice," as it is termed by the hunters. This is sometimes very hard to find. It takes a man with keen foresight, judgment and observation to locate these grounds and the captain is usually the man to rely upon. Close watch is constantly kept with the telescopes throughout the day and every precaution is taken that the herd shall not escape detection. The further north the boat proceeds the more icebergs are encountered and then the crew is called out to chop a channel. It is

in these attempts that lives are often lost.

When the herd is located by the man at the telescope the news is spread and there is great rejoicing among the men, especially if no other boat of the sealing fleet is about to share the good luck. Immediately the boat is brought to; the men arm themselves and scatter through the herd and then begins the slaughter. The male seals generally put up a stout resistance and have to be shot, for Nature has so provided them that their heads are invulnerable to blows of the ordinary pole. Blows only anger them the more. The female will protect her off-spring to the end, and, unlike the males, they are easily killed by a rap on the head.

Thus, with great labor the entire herd is gradually surrounded and in due time killed off, after which the operation of removing the hides takes place. Thereafter the pelts are stored in the hold of the ship, and when all is safe and sound, and weather favorable, they set out on the return trip loaded down with the spoils. Sometimes a herd of seals will number as high as thirty thousand, and if one boat's crew can gather these it may be seen that a neat profit is realized. The crew, it should be stated, are partners in the deal and receive a good share of the profits, hence there is always good feeling among them.

At the end of the voyage the pelts are marketed at St. Johns, where they are prepared for export. Here the oil is extracted and the fat reduced.



BACK TO WORK.

## THE GARMENT WORKERS STRIKE LOST WHO WAS TO BLAME?

BY

**ROBERT DVORAK**

(EX-REPORTER OF THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.)

**H**AVING written the very first account of the great Garment Worker's strike in the *Chicago Daily Socialist* and having worked with the strikers by day and night throughout the sixteen weeks of their marvelous struggle, I will now attempt to depict the many events that led to defeat as briefly as possible.

None who witnessed the wholesale and enthusiastic walkout of the tailors felt for even a moment that it might end disastrously.

The strikers were keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and resistance.

Eighteen of the largest halls in Chicago were packed daily—some even twice daily—and speakers in every language counselled and spurred the thousands to action.

In spite of the first serious misstep of the union leaders, that of making the "closed shop" a battle cry, and later ridiculing it, I felt that the victory of the strikers was inevitable. The "closed shop" error, I thought, would be dropped if satisfactory terms were presented.

When I entered the strike field as a reporter for the *Chicago Daily Socialist* I had no idea as to what tactics would be



pursued by the union leaders. I figured that only such steps as would lead to the earliest and best settlement would be taken from day to day. But imagine my surprise when about the fourth week of the great strike I discovered that no thought whatever had entered the minds of the "far seeing" and "competent" officials to call a general strike of all the tailors in Chicago, in spite of the unanimous demand for such a call.

Without delay I went to Robert Noren, president of the district council of the United Garment Workers of Chicago, who was handling the strike in President Rickert's absence, and inquired whether or not he intended making an official call for a general strike. He grunted an evasive answer. I grew angry then and told him that I would put a call in the *Daily Socialist* in the name of the strikers unless he issued an official one. He then told me that one would be made the following day.

The next day I rushed to his office again and he handed me a call signed by him and others of the organizers. Imagine my surprise, however, when on reading the call I discovered that it affected all but the garment workers working in the union shops. I drew Noren's attention to this and he told me that they could not conscientiously call a strike in the shops where they had signed contracts with the proprietors. This was the second and most serious misstep, for the strikers were already complaining that garments for the strike bound houses were being made in the union shops.

There were about 18,000 garment workers on strike before the call for the general strike. Inside of a week this number was swelled to 45,000. This great exodus was brought on because 50,000 copies of the *Daily Socialist* containing the call were distributed by the strikers throughout the city and in front of the unfair concerns' doors.

Enthused by the response to the call, the strikers began to demand that engineers, teamsters, elevator conductors, electricians and janitors, employed in the strike bound shops, be called out. Noren was in favor of this step and I began to voice it in the *Daily Socialist* in spite of the ridicule of Editor Engdahl.

The cry for a general tie-up of all the garment shops in Chicago was at its highest pitch when the first peace offer of Hart, Schaffner and Marx, signed by President Rickert, was presented to the strikers and indignantly condemned by them at all the halls.

Then began the attempt to demoralize the strikers and force them to accept the agreement. Benefit money was held back for various reasons and great crowds of indignant men and women gathered in front of the union headquarters at 275 La Salle street. These were each time dispersed by the police, amid the clicks of cameras manipulated by capitalist press representatives.

Up to this time the distribution of strike benefits was left in the hands of Miss Jennie Flint, treasurer of the United Garment Workers' district council, who in spite of all her natural coolness of head was almost prostrated with fatigue and the excitement reigning at the office each day. She was forced to sit back to back with Noren, the hot-tempered gentleman who shouted and cursed at the little men and women who dared to approach him for information or aid.

It happened on several occasions that Miss Flint was late in coming to the office. The strikers came on the appointed time for their benefits, and the door would be shut in their faces. Noren would curse and roar and capitalist press reporters would be on hand inquiring loudly if the funds had given out or if Miss Flint had absconded with the money. This was done within the hearing of the strikers and pandemonium was the result.

Until the time of the Rickert agreement the Chicago Federation of Labor officials positively refused to take a hand in the strike in spite of the many suggestions made to this effect. There was a personal animosity between the officials and Noren of almost six years' standing.

Following the excitement brought on by the unfortunate Rickert agreement, a committee of the strikers appealed to the delegates to the Chicago Federation of Labor in meeting assembled and then it was that the Women's Trade Union League and the Central Labor body took an active part in the struggle.

The Women's Trade Union League, headed by Mrs. Robins, took upon itself the distribution of aid. Three commissary stores were established, meal tickets good at several restaurants were passed out and coal checks were issued.

This work was carried on in a fairly creditable manner until the slightly remodeled Rickert agreement was brought to life again and presented to the strikers by Mrs. Robins and President Fitzpatrick with an endorsement from the Chicago Federation of Labor and the Mayor Busse aldermanic committee.

Upon receiving a very indignant reception from the strikers, Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Robins grew very indignant and determined to push the agreement over, claiming that only a few hot headed agitators were causing the rejection.

Right here the real end of the strike grew visible. Orders were sent to the various hall chairmen to allow none but those speakers armed with credentials signed by Mrs. Robins or Fitzpatrick the floor, and a statement was issued broadcast that the agreement would not be considered turned down until another vote was taken.

In the *Daily Socialist* I stated that the cutters' meeting at Federation hall had accepted the agreement with the proviso that a similar action would be taken by the other strikers. Then when I witnessed the disfavor with which it was received at the other halls, I wrote that the cutters had turned it down also. In this report I was strengthened by the telephone message sent me by a United Press reporter who stated that it had been turned down by the majority of the cutters at a later meeting.

I did not know that I had committed an unpardonable crime until the next day, when Raymond Robins, who had some interest in the *Daily Socialist*, called me up and indignantly demanded why I had written that the strikers were not in favor of the agreement. I told him that I had reported only what had actually occurred, and he called me a liar.

Then upon cooling off slightly, he began to argue by telling me that the strikers were in a desperate condition and that the funds of the Federation were not large enough to continue the strike with the

present number of dependents, and that I was inhuman in furthering their insane determination to stay on strike. He stated further that the cry for a closed shop was bosh and that the agreement was a good one.

I told Robins that I was not reporting news of the strike to suit the whims or desires of the Chicago Federation of Labor or the Woman's Trade Union League, but for the workers involved in the strike, and that their decisions were the law which would govern my reports of the strike. Robins then began to bluster about losing the good will and favor as well as the support of organized labor, including that of his wife and himself. I informed him then that this was not my concern, but that of the Board of Directors, but that as far as I was concerned the good will of the 45,000 strikers was of more value to me than that of a hundred Federations of Labor and Robins families.

J. O. Bentall, States Secretary of the Socialist Party and a member of the Board of Directors of the *Daily Socialist*, was next appealed to by Robins and given the same ultimatum tendered him by me.

The following day I was visited by Miss Pischel, a Socialist woman who had secured work with the Woman's Trade Union League during the strike. She began to upbraid me for sticking with the stupid strikers, who knew not what was best for them. She was soon followed by a Socialist named Esdorn, who declared that the strikers had not turned down the agreement, and that I had lied deliberately in order to satisfy a personal ambition. Bentall and I took Esdorn to a meeting of strikers in the Young People's Socialist League hall, and upon hearing the sentiment of the strikers regarding the agreement he said no more and disappeared.

Failing in inducing me to write to suit the taste of the union leaders, the emissaries of the Federation of Labor and the Woman's Trade Union League took the last step. Miss Pischel, Eleanora Pease and C. M. Madsen, all of them Socialists, closely allied with the Federation through various positions, wrote letters to the Board of Directors demanding my dismissal. They claimed that by my reports I had angered union officials and undone the good work of



many comrades who were endeavoring to prove to the organized world that the *Daily Socialist* was its friend.

As a result of the letters I was called before the board the following Thursday. There the letters were read and I was told to prepare an answer for the next meeting. The unique part of the letters was the fact that they all read alike and began by a statement that the writer had heard I had written certain things. Evidently none of the writers had read the reports in the *Daily Socialist*. Instead of charging me, as they had when they had visited me, the writers based their attack mainly upon a story I had written in the January issue of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.

When I appeared before the Board of Directors for the second time I had a complete statement of the work I had done on the strike and a declaration of my principles, in which I stated that as long as I reported the strike I would do it with a view to satisfying the strikers, in compliance with the national platform of the Socialist Party, and would not muzzle things to suit the Chicago Federation of Labor or any of its subordinate organizations, which were rife with internal squabbles, especially when these were condemned by the strikers at every hall meeting.

Prof. Kennedy, a member of the Board of Directors, arose with a motion that I be dismissed, as I was temperamentally unfit to work on the *Daily Socialist* as a reporter. There was no second to his motion and dissension arose among the Board of Directors. Kennedy then declared he would have to leave the meeting, as he had an appointment elsewhere. He was followed by George Koop and by Axel Gustafson. There was some more haranguing, and then Barney Berlyn arose with a motion that the matter be left for settlement with J. O. Bentall, Carl Strover and Business Manager Stangland. Thomas J. Morgan, the seventh member of the board, was not present.

The three deserted officials of the *Daily Socialist* argued my case for over an hour, Bentall would not stand for my being dismissed or even taken off the strike, and Strover held that I could not stay as the strike reporter. Finally I was asked to

choose some other position on the paper. I was determined to see the strike through for many reasons and refused to accept any other position. As a result I did not report for other work.

Previous to the second board meeting William D. Haywood had arrived in Chicago upon the request of the strikers, who wanted him to speak at the hall meetings. On the Sunday following the first meeting of the board Haywood spoke to over 6,000 strikers in Pilsen Park. Fitzpatrick, Emmet C. Flood and a number of the union organizers were present. The audience would not listen to these until they had heard Haywood and cheered him for almost ten minutes. Fitzpatrick followed Haywood and opposed him on many points.

Haywood's declaration that a general strike of all the tailors, including those in the union shops and other mechanics working in the strike-bound houses, ought to be called, was greeted with deafening cries of approval.

When I wrote the story for the *Daily Socialist* on Monday, Editor Engdahl cut out all reference to Haywood's speech and his future meetings. I objected, and was told that he was running the editorial end of the paper. There was no gainsaying this and I had to be satisfied, but I told him that if it were not for the fact that my case was coming up before the board the following Thursday I would quit right away, as I had no desire to work on a muzzled paper. The next morning I found a new man at my desk.

The third meeting of the board over my case was held earlier than usual, and when I appeared at a quarter to seven o'clock my case had been disposed of. When the fourth meeting took place I asked to see the minutes of the previous session regarding my case and found the following:

"In view of the fact that the strike is practically settled, and the fact that Dvorak has not appeared for work, it is the sense of this board that he has resigned."

As some of the biggest conflicts of the strike took place since the previous meeting of the board, Thomas J. Morgan, who was not present at the fourth meeting, made a written motion that my case be

re-opened. Gustafson pushed the motion, but the board would not agree. Then I asked point blank why it was that the board desired to have me taken off the strike. After some hesitation I was told that I had antagonized the Federation of Labor by what I had written, and that for the well being of the paper it was best that I be removed. I then told the board that if such was the case I had no desire to work for the *Daily Socialist*, as I never would twist facts to suit the "Labor Body."

After having had the agreement printed in five different languages the union organizers had the leaflets handed out at the halls preliminary to taking a vote. Four days elapsed before any step was begun towards taking a vote on the agreement, and when the time finally arrived the floors of the halls were strewn with the leaflets bearing the agreement torn into shreds. This show of anger and indignation on the part of the strikers frightened the organizers and no vote was taken. Instead, however, the peace offer was dropped temporarily.

I was not reporting the strike at this time, and no mention of the agreements being torn up was made in the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, but there were hints of the strikers looking upon the agreement with more favor.

About this time the strikers who were disgusted with the tactics of the union leaders almost a month back decided to take things into their own hands. They called a conference of the Bohemian, Polish, Slovak and Lithuanian strikers. This conference decided, since the union leaders were bent on offering only worthless agreements, that the strikers frame demands of their own and present these to the officials of the various strike-bound houses. The demands framed and accepted by over 18,000 strikers are as follows:

"All former employes to be reinstated in their former places of employment.

"All grievances of employes shall be presented to the representatives of the firms by committees representing the employes of each shop where such grievances may arise. Any adjustment of such grievances must be ratified by the employes of such shops. Parties not interested in the controversies shall not inter-

fere except by mutual consent of the employes and employers.

"Fifty (50) hours shall constitute a week's work. Nine hours shall constitute a day's work except Saturday, when work shall be confined to five hours.

"All workers, without exception, shall be granted an increase of 15 per cent in wages as compared to wages paid prior to the strike. Piece work shall be abolished wherever agreed upon between committees provided for in Section 2 of these propositions.

"No employe shall be compelled, under any pretext, whatever, to sign individual agreements waiving any rights to the price established by the wage scale."

As soon as the Federation of Labor officials got wind of the strikers' action they molded the last link of the chain of despicable tactics. They decided to end the strike under any circumstances and forthwith, according to strikers who were present, packed Hod Carriers' hall one Saturday afternoon with 1,500 or more tailors employed in the newly signed label shops. With these recruits, who were getting a half holiday, present in the hall another vote was taken and the strike at Hart, Schaffner & Marx declared off.

Thousands of the angry strikers rushed to their halls on Sunday in order to protest against the action taken, but found these locked. On the doors were cards declaring that the hall was closed by the order of the United Garment Workers' Union and the Chicago Federation of Labor. Only the halls in which the Bohemian strikers met were open, and these, located on the southwest side of the city, were crowded to suffocation with protesting strikers.

The reason that these halls, National, Pilsen Park, Sokol Chicago, Krizek's and Radouse's, were not closed was because neither the Federation or the United Garment Workers' organization had paid for them. They were managed by the Bohemian strikers independent of the union from the very beginning. The Bohemian strikers had received but very few dollars from the Federation because they had conducted their own relief and collection work in their own division. They had received only insults and slurs at the union headquarters, both from Noren and Fitzpatrick, as happened to Alberta Hnetyinka, secretary of the Bohemian strikers, and James Balvin, president of the same organization.



Monday morning, following the ending of the strike at Hart, Schaffner & Marx's, strike pickets who went to the shops were confronted with a more than redoubled cordon of police. The reinforcement had been asked by the union leaders, who wished those of the returning employes to be guarded against the pickets. Only several hundred of the strikers went back to work Monday, and many of these went to the strike headquarters that evening complaining of the sneer directed against them by the scabs, with whom they were forced to work side by side. At the end of ten days, when, according to the agreement tendered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, all of the old employes were to be accepted, several thousand were still refused work, and it took the personal demand of the union leaders to get many back to work in the various Hart shops.

The firm of Kuppenheimer, when confronted with a committee bearing the demands of the strike conference, declared through Mr. Rose that these were agreeable. Again, upon hearing of the step taken, the union leaders took a radical step and informed the strike conference that if they carried out their intention they would be an outlawed body as far as present organized labor was concerned.

The new threat of the Federation was considered by the strike conference, and it was decided that as the backbone of the strike had been broken when the Hart, Schaffner & Marx strikers returned to work, there was but little use in trying to rectify the harm done. The strikers were disgusted and were returning to work in large numbers, and before a week had elapsed only 500 of the 6,000 Bohemian strikers showed up at the meeting..

All of the strikers realized that they had been duped, and they had no desire to wait for another of the so-called victories. They went back to work, but they had learned the great lesson that everything bearing the name "union" did not mean solidification of the workers' ranks. They realized that solidarity could not exist in an organization that was split up into unions each scabbing on the other in time of strike in spite of the fact that they performed the same work. They realized that united action could not exist where the great body is chopped up into atoms

widely separated and separately governed.

At all of the meetings held daily during the sixteen weeks of the strike the tailors condemned the Chicago Federation of Labor, which allowed union men and women to scab on the rest of their brothers and sisters for twenty-five cents a week, just because an agreement had been signed with the garment boss. They unanimously applauded the Industrial plan of organization as explained by Industrial speakers. They went back to work losers, the majority of them for much less wages than had been received before, but victors because of the great knowledge gained during the strike.

The great garment workers' strike is at an end. The workers have gone back to the shops, although hundreds of them may never get work in the shops, but the doubts in the minds of the strikers can never be hushed.

Where did the fifty-cent pieces collected from about 35,000 strikers as initiation fees go to?

Was Arkin, the professional bailer, employed in the strike, being paid \$3 for every one of the 850 or more strikers arrested? If he was, why was he when most of the bailing could have been taken care of by volunteers, as was the case with Mr. Tyl, who bailed out a large number of Bohemian strikers?

Why were there five or more paid lawyers hired to defend the strikers when a large number of Socialist attorneys volunteered their services free of charge?

How much were these lawyers paid?

Why was it that when Anna Kral and myself were arrested and tried before a jury Attorney Sonstebly and ex-Judge Herely spent over a whole day of their most valuable time in the court room, when Sam Block, a Socialist lawyer, was present and would have taken care of the case, which was dropped after a five-minute hearing given the policeman who arrested us?

Regarding the question of whether or not the strike was sold out I have only this to say: In my first story published in the January issue of the *SOCIALIST REVIEW*, I depicted the terrific competitive battle raging between the association of tailor bosses and the renegade firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx. I pointed out

in the story that the weakest would soon give in to the strikers as soon as the busy season began. Hart, Schaffner & Marx capitulated the minute it offered the first peace terms. If the screws would have been tightened on Hart, Schaffner & Marx harder than ever at this time by the Socialist press and the union leaders, the firm would have given in on terms much more favorable to the strikers.

Instead of tightening the screws, however, Mrs. Robins and her colleagues did everything in their power to discourage the striker and encourage the renegade firm. Mrs. Robins, for instance, gave capitalist press reporters column stories telling of the awful conditions in the ranks of the struggling tailors. She told vivid tales of the acute suffering among the men and women and of the lack of funds in the treasury of the league.

The strikers objected to these stories at every hall meeting, and in one even passed resolutions condemning the news items. When these resolutions were given to me by a committee from Washes' hall, Mrs. Robins grew very indignant and forbade the publication of the grievance.

Just previous to the tricky acceptance of the last agreement, the Chicago Federation and the Woman's Trade Union League shut up the commissary stations. This came as a hint of what was to happen if the strikers persisted in refusing the agreement. After the acceptance, the commissary stations remained closed for fear that some of the Hart-Schaffner people might not return to work.

All of the efforts of the strikers after once Hart, Schaffner & Marx offered peace terms were directed towards ending the strike with that concern. The firm was encouraged in every way to hold out and the strikers demoralized and condemned for daring to resist. It looked to me as if Hart, Schaffner & Marx had told the officials that if they helped it to settle the strike before the busy season advanced it would in turn help the strikers defeat the association. That I was not mistaken in this theory was proved when after the Hart, Schaffner & Marx people returned to work the organizers told the strikers to stick because even the efforts of Hart, Schaffner & Marx would be di-

rected against the brutal Association. This was the policy that defeated the strikers.

The business men who gave from 10 to 25 per cent of their daily profits deserve great credit. The Women's Socialist Agitation League, the members of which worked like Trojans on the special strike edition, under the direction of Mrs. Nellie G. Zeh, deserve honorable mention, as do the citizens who took the children of the strikers into their own homes in order to relieve the hardships of the heroic fighters. Then there are the grocers, butchers, shoemakers, bakers, druggists and milkmen who gave freely of their stock; the physicians, dentists, actors, musicians, barbers and oculists who donated their services throughout the strike; the landlord and hall owners who gave their property free during the struggle, and the proprietors of theaters and nickelodeons who gave benefit performances.

Of the unions affiliated with the Federation the greatest credit falls to the United Mine Workers in Illinois, who, in spite of the fact that they had just ended a serious fight of their own donated great sums to the garment strikers. The Bakers, Brewers and Ladies' Tailors also gave considerable sums, as did the Arbeiter Kranken and Sterbe Kasse.

As I said before, the strike was lost as far as material gains are concerned, but it was an education which in the end, after all, is even better than a gain of a few cents. The strikers have come nearer to gaining a closed shop in reality than if they had it guaranteed on paper. They have learned that a closed shop exists as soon as the workers learn the lesson of solidarity and unity of action.

The one great proof that the strikers have learned this lesson lies in the fact that meetings independent of the Federation or the Garment Workers' Union have been held twice weekly since the ending of the strike, and speakers urge the tailors to study class solidarity. The meetings have been well attended, the halls being just as full as at any time of the strike. The tailors are studying and when another strike does come another story will be written.



# THE HAYWOOD MEETINGS

**L**AST month between dates William D. Haywood, made a flying trip to his home in Colorado, but stopped off to lecture at Longmont and spoke also in Denver. We quote from a letter from comrades in Longmont, Colo. Longmont is a town of 500 inhabitants, but the comrades sent out word to the striking miners in the neighborhood and crammed the theater at the Haywood meeting on February 1st. "The Haywood meeting was a great success. Hide-bound republicans and rock-ribbed democrats were held by the eloquence of the man who is a living incarnation of the Social Revolution. Capitalism, in its death throes, is strangling all business in this town and there are many out of work. But we had a splendid crowd and everybody is enthusiastic over the meeting. When the strike is over, we want Haywood again sure. Everybody likes the REVIEW too, and we are going to try to get the short-time subscribers to become permanent. The REVIEW is the very best fighting ammunition.—Robert Knight."

DENVER writes: We only had eight days to get up our Haywood meeting for Feb. 7th, but we sold MORE than the requisite number of tickets and we turned no wage workers away because of lack of the price of admission. Striking miners, machinists and pressmen availed themselves of our offer of free admission and the audience was almost entirely proletarian. It was a workers' meeting in every respect. Members of the I. W. W., the S. L. P. and the Socialist Party worked side by side to make it a success and the cheers nearly raised the roof when our chairman introduced the "Original Undesirable Citizen."

For an hour and a half the crowd sat enraptured. I never saw any speaker hold his audience as Haywood does. The interest was intense. He said much about the old craft union methods of failure but thrilled every heart with his conclusion; "Now for the remedy!" One by one he dealt with proposed methods for obtaining possession of the industries. Confiscation by law, competition, purchase, pension and conversion of the capitalists, one and all fell before his sweeping criticism and the real remedy was laid bare before the audience. The following resolutions were passed and

the meeting closed amid cheers and great enthusiasm:

WHEREAS, Ben Hicks, Monroe Hicks, Jesse Koenig, Geo. Donald, John Donald, Richard Donald, Cecil Reese, Duncan Stobs, Robt. McBirnie, Frank Balck, Joe Fisk, E. L. Doyle, Geo. Pansky, Wm. Snow, Fred Grayson and William Woodhead, members of the United Mine Workers of America, are imprisoned in the county jail, each being under 12 months' sentence for the alleged violation of an injunction issued by Judge Greeley W. Whitford; and

\* \* \*

WHEREAS, The liberty of these men is sacrificed in the interests of the working class; and believing that an injury to one of our class is an injury to all; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, That we place ourselves in defiance of judge made laws by urging workmen to refuse employment where the United Mine Workers or others are on strike to improve their standard of living; and call upon them to organize industrially and dispossess the capitalist class of the resources of the earth and thus abolish judgeships; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That we demand that Governor John Shafroth use his executive authority immediately to release the imprisoned men from jail; and further we call the Governor's attention to the fact that, in Colorado, men have been imprisoned as a military necessity, and men can be released from prison by virtue of a similar order.

Adopted unanimously by 1,000 wage-workers at massmeeting held in Social Turner Hall, Denver, Colorado, on Tuesday, February 7, 1911.

W. C. SMITH,  
Chairman.

KNIGHTSVILLE and BRAZIL, Ind., write: "The Haywood meeting was a grand success.

Comrade Haywood will speak in Gloucester, Mass., on March 2; Haverhill, March 3; Philadelphia, March 12; Piqua, Ohio, March 26; Muscatine, Iowa, March 28; Rock Island, Ill., March 30; Warren, Ohio, April 2; East Liverpool, April 9; Bellaire, Ohio, April 16; Dayton, Ohio, April 23; Cleveland, Ohio, April 30.

# EDITORIAL

**Comrade Maurer's First Bill.** Comrade James H. Maurer, the first Socialist elected to the Pennsylvania legislature, made no mistake in his choice of the first bill to introduce. He might have introduced a bill to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth on the first day of April. But he had too much sense of humor. He might have started with a bill for old age pensions, or state ownership of some industry. But he had too much sense of proportion. The bill he first introduced was a bill to repeal the law creating the army of mounted policemen which the capitalists call the State Constabulary, and which the wageworkers call the Cossacks. This bill may or may not pass, but in either case it will help unite the working class of Pennsylvania, it will open people's eyes to the real difference between the Socialist Party and the capitalist party, and it will show the wageworkers of the United States that the Socialist Party is their party and can do certain definite and important things for them. It is very true that voting alone will not overthrow the capitalists. A strong industrial organization must and will come before the workers can own their tools and their product. But that industrial organization can not grow to full strength if its members are in hourly danger of being imprisoned, maimed or murdered by the armed servants of the capitalist State. Therefore a working class political party has a very necessary function, namely to cripple the capitalist State in its war on organized labor. Maurer's bill is a good beginning. Let us keep up the fight.

**The Daily Socialist and the Garment Workers.** Comrade Dvorak's story of a strike that failed is full of facts that every active socialist needs to know and to understand. We are giving these facts to the readers of the REVIEW at the risk of being charged with hostility to the management of the *Chicago Daily Socialist*. Such a charge, however, would be wholly untrue. It is because we believe the success of the *Daily Socialist* is of

the utmost importance to the Socialist Party and the entire socialist movement of the United States, and because we think that success is being delayed and imperiled by the tactics the paper has hitherto adopted, that we are outspoken in our criticism. On the motives of the directors and the managing editors of the *Daily* we have no reflections to make. They are working for the interests of the working class as they see them. The trouble is that they fail to distinguish between two things that are unlike. The interests of the wage-workers of Chicago are one thing. The interests of the craft union officials of Chicago are a very different thing. The craft unions are a survival from a former industrial stage when they arose and when they were of use to their members. They have become useless to their members, but very useful to their officers. These officers almost invariably receive more pay for less work than the rank and file of the membership, the people who pay their salaries. They have also constant opportunity to get money "on the side" from rival employers who want to manipulate the action of the unions for their own benefit. And there are plenty of ugly rumors indicating that the officials do not miss all these opportunities. Most important of all, the craft unions were started on the false assumption that the interests of employers and wage-workers are identical. This theory still looks right to the officials. It no longer looks right to the men that pay the dues. Probably a majority of the Socialist Party members of the *Daily*, are members of the unions affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor. But right here is the fallacy in which the directors of the *Chicago Daily Socialist* have been entangled from the start. It does not at all follow that because a man pays dues to a union he approves the policy of its officials. More likely he endures its grumblingly because he does not clearly see just how a different policy would work out.



**The Paper With a Muzzle.** In their mistaken idea that the success of the *Daily* depends on the favor of union officials rather than on the enthusiasm of the wage workers of Chicago, the directors and editors have persistently excluded nearly every important item of news bearing on the propaganda of industrial unionism. Some instances of this are related in Robert Dvorak's article. Another notable case was the speech of Debs at Riverview Park last fall, the substance of which we published in the November REVIEW. This speech was reported in the *Daily* on the day following its delivery, but nearly all the vital and important passages were "blue-penciled." Again, on December 10, the *Daily* published an appeal from Debs in behalf of the garment workers, but the editors cut it almost beyond recognition, as will be seen by comparison with page 394 of the January REVIEW.

Why? Because the rank and file of the craft unions ARE becoming interested in the propaganda of industrial unionism. If they had read Debs' words in the *Daily Socialist*, they might have agitated in their unions for radical changes which would have imperiled the fat jobs of the officials. And so the officials would have been angry with the *Daily Socialist*. That would have been terrible! . . . But don't you see, Comrade Directors, that in the city of Chicago there are but a FEW union officials, while there are MANY wage-workers? Let the Officials go, and talk to the wage-workers. You have been giving them just the same sort of labor news that Hearst gives them. They compare the two, they recognize the fact that they are alike; they also recognize the fact that Hearst gives them six or eight extra pages of sporting news and sensations, which you can't afford to give them. Next time they buy the American.

**The Way to Win.** Take the muzzle off. Print the real news about the unions, the things the other papers refuse to print. Get into the fight of the wage-worker. The union officials will soon begin to love the *Daily* as much as the Devil is popularly supposed to love holy water,

but they will keep on buying copies to see what you have to say; now as a matter of fact they don't buy them because they KNOW what you will say. And the million wage-workers in and around Chicago, the people who are languidly indifferent to a spineless, muzzled *Daily*, will wake up and stand by you when you wake up and stand by them. It's worth trying even if it meant a loss. But it doesn't. You have been losing ever since you started. The *Daily* has been kept alive by the gifts and loans of a few hundred devoted enthusiasts who could ill afford to give or lend. The *Appeal to Reason* is an aggressive, fighting paper, and it has a circulation of half a million. The *New York Call* was at the last gasp a few months ago. It threw off its muzzle and it is out of danger and in a fair way to become a great power. The REVIEW languished seven years, then it came out squarely for a revolutionary party and revolutionary unionism, and the tide turned. Its paid circulation and its fighting strength are today more than twelve times what they were when the change was made. The tactics that have brought success to us will bring success to you. And not only to the *Daily* but to the Socialist Party in Chicago.

**The Class Struggle in California.** The REVIEW always allows its department editors full scope for the expression of opinion. Occasionally, however, it becomes necessary for the editor to note his dissent from an opinion expressed in a department, and this is the case with Comrade Hayes' opening paragraphs in this month's *World of Labor*. Mayor McCarthy of San Francisco does not in any sense represent the revolutionary movement of the working class. He represents the craft unions of San Francisco in their attempt to exclude all but a select aristocracy of wage-workers from employment in their respective crafts. Their aim is not the overthrow of capitalism, but the perpetuation of privilege. Between such an organization and revolutionary Socialism no alliance is possible. Our San Francisco comrades have kept clear of it in the past and we trust that they will continue to do so in future.

# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

**Japan in the Spotlight.**—Something over a year ago Spain won an unenviable distinction in the eyes of the civilized world. The Spanish government put to death a peaceable citizen whose chief interest in life was the founding and directing of schools. In the course of the year that has passed Spain has been marked with an eternal brand of shame and the murdered educator has been added to the world's pantheon of martyrs.

And now it is Japan. The government of the mikado appears before the world audience as candidate for dishonor. Spain will have to look to her laurels. Some weeks ago the news flashed round the globe that twenty-two "anarchists" had been taken red-handed in a plot to assassinate the mikado. They were, of course, arrested and held in confinement. The papers were allowed to publish nothing with regard to them except what was given out by the government.

Only one of these twenty-two was known to the outside world. This one was Doctor Kotoku, scholar and journalist. The others represented a wide variety of classes. One was a woman, the wife of Doctor Kotoku. Three were Buddhist priests, three were printers, one was a physician, and seven were peasants. There has been much talk in this country and Europe as to whether or not these persons were Socialists. About most of them, of course, no accurate information is obtainable. Probably they were radicals of various sorts. But as for Doctor Kotoku there can be no doubt. He spent a considerable time in this country some four or five years ago. He left friends here with whom he has had correspondence up to a comparatively recent date. He was a revolutionary Socialist in every sense of the word. The daily press has brought to us the story of his heroic struggles against Japanese militarism. At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war he was one of the best known and most highly respected journalists in Japan. But he was opposed to the war, and on this account lost his position on a leading

daily and was forced to flee to this country for safety. On this side he carried on a revolutionary and anti-military propaganda by means of a Japanese paper which he conducted in San Francisco. As soon as possible he returned to his native land. Since then he has gone on doing what little could be done to rouse the proletariat of Japan.

When he and his companions were captured all the world knew well enough what the result would be. Americans and Europeans might protest to their heart's desire. Japan is far off, and the Japanese government knows its own mind.

The prisoners were tried before an audience of officials and select journalists. The charge was that they had plotted a violent revolution by means of explosives and deadly weapons. They were found guilty. Twelve of them were sentenced to death and the others to imprisonment for life. Mrs. Kotoku was among those selected to the death sentence. On the twenty-fourth of January these twelve were led, one after the other, to a single gallows. The hangman worked a long day that day. It is to be hoped that he was paid for his overtime.

And now that the workers of the world have their gaze centered on Japan it will be worth while to take a good look at this "Yankee-land of the Orient." There has been a deal of nonsense written about the little brown man and his country. Probably no other nation was ever made the subject of such a volume of writing founded on such a slender basis of fact. Back in 1894, when the war against China was brought to a triumphant conclusion, Japan started upon a period of industrial expansion. The world looked on and admired. And then when Russia was sent to the right-about we threw up our hats and hailed Japan as one of the modern nations of the earth. Had she not conquered one of the world powers? What better proof of a high degree of civilization?



In 1907 we were entertained with news of great strikes in the mikado's realm. We saw visions of a great, modern labor movement. In this same year Japan was represented at the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart. We heard of a Japanese Socialist party, and we rejoiced that the working class of Japan was so soon finding itself and joining in the world-wide struggle for emancipation..

To those of us who were carried away by these reports of Japanese progress the past year has furnished a rude awakening. The only Socialist paper published in the "flowery kingdom" has been finally suppressed. The Socialist "party" of Japan, what there is left of it, is said to be in jail. And now comes this last supreme crime of the Japanese reaction, the judicial murder of Doctor Kotoku and his eleven companions. Could there be a modern industrial system in a land where such things do not lead to revolt? Would any government dare commit such crimes in the face of a modern labor movement?

Very opportunely industrial conditions in Japan have been made the subject of a series of articles published in *Vorwaertes*. A comrade, who writes under the name Chagrin, traveled through the Oriental "Yankee-land," looked into factories and mines, made a search for labor unions and Socialist organizations, and in other ways informed himself carefully of working-class conditions. Anyone who gives his articles a careful reading will not be at a loss to understand how it is the mikado's government is able to ride rough-shod over the Japanese proletariat.

The present industrial and political condition of Japan is the inevitable result of recent Japanese history. Japan has become a bourgeois country without ever having had a bourgeois revolution. In 1853, when our own Commodore Perry appeared in the offing with an American fleet, Japan was a feudal country. The mikado was regarded as the son of God, but the daymios, as the feudal lords were called, had practically independent dominion over the soil. They were supported by the Samurais, or military cast. The condition of the peasants and artisans was miserable beyond words.

Japanese diplomats and educators lecturing in this country are accustomed to

tell us that the feudal lords of Japan have given to the world the unique example of a privileged class voluntarily renouncing its privileges. And it is certainly true that soon after Perry's visit to Japan these mighty landowners did put aside any differences which separated them and united in their support of the mikado. This potentate they dragged from a position of comparative obscurity and placed in the position of power which he now holds. What was the reason for this disinterested renunciation of privileges? With oriental astuteness the feudal barons of Japan saw that if they adhered to the old regime their country would suffer the same fate as India and Egypt. They preferred modern nationalism and capitalism to subjugation by an occidental power.

But now the government of Japan had a tremendous task. At one flying leap it must take Japan over the distance covered by western Europe in a period of more than four centuries. Peacefully and quickly it must turn Japan into a capitalist country. There were no capitalists to start a revolution against the old order. There was no call for "liberty, equality, fraternity." There was no development of bourgeois ideals of freedom. But there was great need of factories; there was a great cry for capital. The new imperial government was equal to the occasion. It borrowed capital and started one industry after another. As soon as it had made a success of a particular industry it turned it over to private "enterprise."

This process was begun in the early seventies of the last century. In the course of forty years it has produced contemporary Japanese society. It has given us a modern capitalist people, so far as it is modern at all, and a modern capitalist government, without the traditions which western Europe and America have inherited from the long and eventful period of the bourgeois revolutions. Imagine what England would have become if modern capitalist industry had suddenly been introduced during the reign of Henry VIII!

Now the suddenness of the introduction of capitalism into Japan has necessarily been accompanied by both advantages and disadvantages. The chief disadvan-

tage, naturally, is the lack of skilled workers. There are some 50,000,000 inhabitants in the country. Of these only about 900,000 are industrially employed. The great majority of the people are still peasants with peasant habits and peasant ignorance. As machine workers they are extremely inefficient.

It goes without saying that Japanese labor is of the cheapest. Nearly half of the 900,000 industrial workers are women. Many are children under ten years of age. The hours of labor are usually twelve—often more. The wages range from ten cents to fifty cents a day. The average adult, male worker gets about twenty-five cents. The standard of living is the lowest. A bellyful of cheap rice and sleeping space on a hard floor are the only real necessities of a Japanese laborer. Agents sent into the rural districts can pick up at any time droves of recruits from among the starving peasants.

Now this cheapness of labor, while it is in one sense a great advantage to capitalist concerns, is really a hindrance to capitalist development. It tends to prevent the introduction of labor-saving machinery. So in spite of all that has been written about the tremendous advances of Japanese industry, the industrial concerns of the mikado's empire are interesting chiefly to the antiquarian. Most of the factories employ less than fifty workers, and the methods and tools employed are often those long discarded in other countries.

The great advantage enjoyed by the Japanese capitalist is an unlimited supply of docile and unorganized laborers. At the beginning of modern development in Japan there were in existence the survivals of a sort of guild system. But these hindered, rather than aided, the development of a real labor movement. The great, starving peasant population was naturally unorganized to begin with. All the power of the government has been used from the beginning to keep it ignorant and unorganized. We have heard much of Japanese schools. In reality the children of the working class are taught next to nothing. They may learn a few of the characters used in Japanese writing, but never enough for purposes of

reading. The only thing that is thoroughly drilled into them is reverence for the mikado's sacred person. All the power of the government is utilized to keep them just where they are.

"Chagrin" had heard tales of a great union of railway engineers. It was said to boast a membership of 7,000. When he came to make a search he could find not so much as a trace of any such organization. In fact, he found only two real, live labor unions in all Japan. They are both local organizations of printers' connected with foreign papers. One of them counts 96 members, the other 220. This is the labor movement of Japan.

Japan, then, is a modern land only in a far-off, Pickwickian sense. In the essentials of a modern industrial society it lags far behind Spain or Russia. It has some modern manufacturing concerns, but the industrial population is only a small minority, and that minority is ages behind similar populations of Europe and America in moral and mental quality. All the conditions for a modern labor movement are lacking. For years to come there can be no such thing.

What we have in Japan is an industrial feudalism which cannot be called "benevolent." The political government is the directing head of the industrial system. It exerts all its power to keep the working class in its present position of ignorance and poverty. Suppose that under these conditions a small group of persons get somehow from the outside world a notion of Socialism or Anarchism. What can they do? What are their chances of carrying on a successful propaganda? The fate of Doctor Kotoku and his clever companions is the answer. There is small hope for Japan until capitalism has developed there a really modern working class.

**Germany. The Moabit Riots Before the Courts.**—During the months just passed the riots which occurred last fall in connection with a strike at Moabit, a suburb of Berlin, have been before the courts. The chancellor of the empire has more than once denounced the Socialists as the persons responsible for these riots. In fact, he was guilty of exactly the same crime as the chief executive of the United States at the time of the Moyer-



Haywood trial. He did all in his power to prejudice the courts against the defendants. And now it turns out that the progress of the trials has humiliated the police beyond measure. The police department has been disclosed to the world as the real criminal, the prime minister and his government have lost standing through their attitude, and the case of the Socialists has all the advantage.

The defendants, of course, were persons taken by the police at the time of the riots. In the course of their defense scores of witnesses told of the most shocking deeds of violence committed by the police. One of the judges stated officially that the populace was justified in adopting any means that offered to defend themselves against police attacks. Of course, a goodly number of "rioters" were sentenced, some thirty in all. But most of the sentences were light, and in the public mind the case against the government is overwhelming.

German capitalism has overreached it-

self. Every effort to fortify its position but reveals its weakness the more unmistakably.

**Portugal. Strike of Railway Workers.**—On January 15th the strike on the Portuguese railways was declared off, and the men returned to work. In order to bring this about the companies offered substantial concessions. The daily wage of common laborers was raised about ten cents a day. A nine-hour day was agreed to, with a two weeks' vacation on full pay once a year.

The interesting feature of this strike was the unmistakable manner in which it exhibited the opposition of class interests between the working class and the recently triumphant bourgeois. The bourgeois leaders were all for the poor people till the young king had been sent about his business. Then, the moment a strike was declared, the troops were called out against the working class, as though this method of procedure were to be taken as a matter of course.

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# THE WORLD OF LABOR

BY MAX S. HAYES.

ON account of the fierce class struggle that is raging on the Pacific coast, an extraordinary political condition has developed in California, and one that will require thorough, cool-headed consideration if a situation is to be avoided by the Socialist party that may prove embarrassing this year and turn out a costly blunder in the future.

There is no need to rehearse here the many incidents that have accompanied the war of extermination that has been waged against the organized workers by the Los Angeles Times, the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the Citizens' Alliance and other organizations of labor-haters, including the politicians in public office, in the last dozen years, and which has become especially intensified during the past year.

Suffice it to say that the labor foes have launched upon a campaign that will not halt until every vestige of organization is obliterated, and, on the other hand, the workers are just as determined to fight to the last ditch to establish their right to combine and have a voice in fixing their working conditions under capitalism.

It is generally agreed that among all the industrial centers on the coast San Francisco occupies the best position from a standpoint of labor strategy, while Los Angeles is in the worst possible condition. Say what you will about the Schmitz-Ruef fakirism and corruption and the uncleanness and semi-class consciousness of the Union Labor party, it still must be admitted that the conditions of the organized toilers in San Francisco are far superior to those existing anywhere on the continent.

I have never been accused of being a partisan of Mayor McCarthy, having criticized him upon more than one occasion with tongue and pen, but I am compelled to admit that he stood up stalwartly for working-class interests during the past five or six months. When the conspiring capitalists of the coast succeeded in having an anti-picketing law enacted in Los Angeles and threw scores of workers into prison because they insisted upon their

rights of free speech and public assembly, and then when those plotting plutocrats moved upon San Francisco and attempted to kidnap some of the active unionists for the purpose of fastening the Times explosion on them (after the style of the Colorado-Idaho governing criminals), McCarthy said to the human wolves in so many words: "By God, if you harm a hair on those men's heads and take the least illegal steps I will make the Labor Day demonstration look like 15 cents compared to what you will get!" And the men who were marked were not kidnapped or even proceeded against under the law.

Later, when the building contractors conspired to inaugurate a general lock-out and attacked several crafts, McCarthy immediately issued orders that every foot of lumber and bit of building material that the city had contracted for must be delivered at once or the contracts would be nullified, and that all temporary sidewalks, sheds, building materials, etc., must be removed from the streets instantaneously. Of course, these orders could not be complied with on the part of the bosses, and so there was no lockout.

Now, these incidents are fairly well known to the organized workers on the coast who are at present on the firing line and are not so much concerned about the glorious co-operative commonwealth in the future as they are with the immediate bread and butter problem. And they are making comparisons and are everlastingly determined to "take and hold" political power in order to safeguard their industrial interests as far as they understand them.

In other words, from what I am able to gather from the labor publications and personal discussions with Unionists and Socialists, the "immediate demand"—and necessity—now is to capture the policemen's clubs in this year's election, for it makes all the difference in the world who issues orders to the cops. In Los Angeles and many of the smaller cities the unionists and their sympathizers will undoubtedly go along with the Socialist party and probably score some splendid victories if





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—if (that cussed little “if”) no mistakes are made in other parts where the S. P. is weak and the aroused union sentiment is strong.

I despise fusion and all that it implies and left the People's party in 1896 when that promising organization stepped backward instead of moving forward. But if I were on the coast I would consider it a pleasure and a duty to endeavor to bring about co-operative action on the part of the Socialist party and organized labor to capture every capitalistic fortress possible this year, no matter what dogmatists on one side or the other might say or do. Some man like Fred Wheeler or Job Harriman or Phil Engle ought to be the next mayor of Los Angeles, and McCarthy looks good enough in San Francisco during this crisis.

Nor is fusion necessary. Let the Union Labor Club and the Socialist party maintain their separate existence in Los Angeles, the Union Labor party and the Socialist party in San Francisco, and the political labor forces in other cities as well. But they can come to a common agreement to co-operate and bring cheer and enthusiasm to the heart of every honest toiler on the Pacific coast. And the Socialist party will not lose by any such agreement, for should any unionist coddle to capitalism where the interests of labor are at stake, he would become a political dead duck, judging from the present temperament in the ranks of the workers.

The California situation is no longer a fight of the printers or metal workers or brewers. It has become a great national contest, and, as Tueitmoe, Wilson and other former conservatives say, the struggle is only beginning—it is revolutionary. In fact, the eyes of the labor world are turned toward the Pacific coast, and the dollars of organized labor are going there to help in the fight. Therefore, it will be good tactics on the part of the national committee of the S. P. to meet the issue in a broad-minded manner and make friends of the struggling, organized workers rather than place the party in a defensive position to explain and apologize for another decade. The S. P. has everything to gain, nothing to lose.

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THAT the National Civic Federation fakirism is drawing to a close is not only demonstrated by the perfunctory session held recently by that peculiar and unnatural organization in New York, but by the widespread opposition that is being manifested among the workers toward the N. C. F.

The New York performance was the same old show, with one feature—the annual smashing of Socialism—promoted as a star attraction. Pretty much the same old stage-strutting on the part of Carnegie, Belmont, Perkins and other union-haters was given full sway, the same old stage hands in the persons of Gompers, Mitchell, Duncan and the rest were there with their white-washing brushes, the same old dinner with the patricians and plebeians prepared to pleasantly and patronizingly pose for pictures for the photographs of the plute papers.

Oh, slush! If I only had time how I would delight to dramatize or burlesque that annual review for the real actor folk. Don't you know it's a great honor for the elite of the men of labor and their wives to sit cheek by jowl with distinguished financiers and their society queens once a year and become doped with delightful dreams, even though one is a decoy duck and the other successful hunters? True enough, the miners of Westmoreland county, Pa., and the cigarmakers of Tampa, Fla., and the garment workers of Chicago, and masses of workers in other parts of the country may be on the verge of starvation, but let these and all their kind march in solemn procession into the sessions and feasts of the Civic Federation and see and hear what is being done—and who is doing them.

Undoubtedly the representatives of labor, in their uncomfortable dress suits, felt just as thoroughly indignant as did the great industrial captains when Senator Cummins told them that if they didn't watch out Karl Marx would catch 'em, but when George Perkins, Morgan's man, came across with his co-operative scheme (under which labor will work and the parasites will shirk, as usual) the dark clouds took on a silver lining, especially when the Rev. J. Wes. Hill and the rest of his clerical bunch who are "next" to the Civic Federation coin nodded amen to George's pretty scheme to do labor or

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anything for it so long as it does not struggle to obtain industrial and political power.

But while this farce was being enacted in New York the members of the greatest labor organization in the country, the United Mine Workers, were thinking over the industrial situation, and when their delegates reached Columbus they were fresh from their own struggling class, from their own isolated and uninviting shacks, and they were in no mood to look complacently upon the New York show.

Twice the National Civic Federation came before the house at the Columbus convention, and each time that humbug organization was denounced by a substantial majority, and had it not been for a few friends who possess exaggerated views of gratitude and fought stubbornly for Mitchell, who was on trial, the vote would have been almost unanimous against the Civic Federation.

This is not hearsay. I happened to be on the spot when the first vote was taken, and heard the expressions of the men from back home, and while they are will-

ing to give Mitchell all the credit that is due him for what he has done for the miners, the men from the poor hovels in the backwoods camps will not stand for any bossism. They dumped Lewis as president in the referendum in the election and they dumped Mitchell as a Civic Federationist, and, aside from union politics, it doesn't require any extraordinary foresight to understand that the miners are moving to the front as the most class-conscious and uncompromising organization in the country.

**Death of Comrade Bandlow.** Comrades in Cleveland, Ohio, and all over the country have lost an inspiring and faithful worker in the passing of Robert Bandlow. He was one of the friends who make the revolutionary movement the great and growing power it is becoming. Always ready to help, not only by donations but, better still, by working himself, giving his time and strength to every party need, he was a never-failing source of encouragement to those of us who grew weary or discouraged. It is not brilliant leaders, nor geniuses that make the party what it is, but strong, faithful, enduring workers. Comrade Bandlow was one of these who make the movement the greatest thing in the world.

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# NEWS AND VIEWS



HOME OF THE FIRST WARD BRANCH, CHICAGO.

**Chicago, First Ward.** The above picture shows the home of the First Ward Branch of the Socialist Party as it looked on Christmas afternoon when 150 children were given a good time. Every Saturday afternoon the local throws its headquarters open to the children, and no one can foresee the far-reaching results of this part of their work.

The local's hall is 30 by 110 feet, with two committee rooms, also bath room, located at 452 South State, and headquarters are open from 1 to 12 p. m. every day in the week. Space forbids our giving details of all the work the comrades are pushing forward, but sufficient to say they have solved the problem of successfully handling good literature. The result is that their street and indoor meetings are a great success from a propaganda and financial standpoint. The collections and book sales for the month of December amounted to \$191.34.

This Branch is made up of proletarians, who are setting a pace that some of the other Chicago branches are finding it hard to follow. Comrade H. Williams is one of the most active members of the branch and is certainly doing effective work, with the assistance of many more of the right kind.

**100 a Month to Electricity Workers.** One Local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of San Francisco, take 100 copies of the *REVIEW* every month. There is nothing the matter with the boys nor with Comrade Bartholomew.

**The Second Ward Branch of Denver** local S. P., at a regular meeting Sunday, Feb. 5th, adopted a motion to join in a campaign for an eight-hour work day to be inaugurated universally May 1, 1912. The branch instructs its members and speakers to commence at once a vigorous propaganda for the shorter work day.

At the same meeting it was decided to start a Maximum Study Club beginning Feb. 12, using Comrade Mary Marcy's *Lessons* as text, now running in the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*.

The pressmen employed on the *Republican*, *News* and *Post* are on strike, all other branches of labor are at work. What's the answer?

**New Way to Make Socialists.** I will tell you of my new method of getting subscriptions. I put a copy of the *REVIEW* in my pocket and at the noon hour, when a number of the boys are gathered, I start in and read them an article. Somebody always asks "where did you get that book? I would like to have it. Let's look at the illustrations." Then I tell them they had better take the *REVIEW* regularly and take a few subscriptions. And I find that every new reader becomes a booster. I think my plan so good that perhaps you would like to tell other comrades about it. Permit me to again remind you that the February *REVIEW* has established a record of its own.—V. G. Pittman.

**Class Struggle Magazine.** Comrade Mesnikoff, of Brooklyn, writes us: "I think the reason the REVIEW takes hold of so many people—including myself—is because the Class Struggle is always brought into view. Any magazine without class struggle articles is like a fish without water."

**Differs from Old Omar.** Comrade Murje, of Michigan, writes that he does not agree with Omar Khayam, about the vintner, but he feels that way about the REVIEW. He says, "I often wonder what you buy one half so precious as the goods you sell." "Some day folks will realize how the REVIEW is trying to keep the Red Flag of revolutionary Socialism nailed to the mast."

**Oakland, Calif.,** is the scene of the latest attempt to destroy the freedom of the press. H. C. Tuck, editor of the *World*, was arrested for criminally libeling Captain of Detectives Walter J. Petersen. He has been tried, convicted and sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment.

This case is the result of a series of exposures of the high-handed methods of the police department. Oakland police are in the habit of arresting citizens without warrant and keeping them confined for an indefinite time, or until they can manufacture evidence against them. Their names are not entered on the regular book; there is no public record of their imprisonment. The victim is not allowed to see friends or an attorney, or to know the nature of the charge against him. He has simply disappeared; he has been legally kidnapped. These things are all admitted by the police department. Captain Petersen merely denies that he is the keeper of the "small book." Nevertheless, it is well known that he has power to order the release of any prisoner held under the detainee system.

The matter came to a crisis when the *World* published a cartoon showing Captain Petersen, bloody dagger in hand, standing over the dead body of Lizzie Wolgethan, one of the victims of the small book. The girl had been dragged from her bed at night, and was "detained" pending investigation into the cause of a fire in her neighborhood. She was from a good family and her character was unquestioned. At the time of her arrest she was in perfect health. Thirty-six hours afterward she died in jail without medical attendance of any kind. Her death was caused by fright and hysteria. Two detectives testified that they sweated her by Captain Petersen's orders. Captain Petersen denied that he knew she was confined. The jury believed him. Why shouldn't they? He is a teacher in a Methodist Sunday school.

The jury was manifestly a partisan one. The prosecutor would allow no Socialist to sit on the jury, nor would he allow anyone who had ever read the *World* to be impaneled. The case has excited a great deal of local interest. Public sympathy is largely with the Socialists. Oakland is now in the midst of a city campaign, and Captain Petersen has given the party some much needed advertising. Editor Tuck can not be sent to the rock pile, as Captain Petersen desires, for he is totally blind. So far as possible he will continue his work as editor within the jail. The associate editor, W. G. Henry, will fight the police department on the outside, and Tuck will be able to gain much inside information as to the treatment of prisoners, during his three months' term.

The *World* is still unsubdued. The next issue after the conviction of Editor Tuck it reprinted the cartoon that so deeply offended His Holiness, Captain Petersen.

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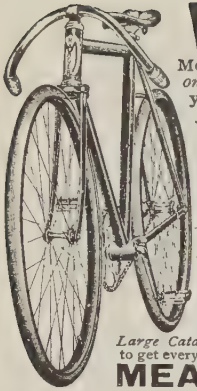
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San Francisco. In this city Comrade William McDevitt has lately enlarged his book business by purchasing another store and consolidating it with his own under the name of Book Omniorum. The new location is at 1004 Fillmore street, and a full line of the publications of Charles H. Kerr & Co. will be found on sale there.

**Socialist Schools at Last.** The comrades on the New York Sunday *Call* are to be congratulated upon the splendid work they are doing in the publication of a comprehensive outline for Socialist Teachers, and suggestions for the work. This is a work we have long hoped for and now that it is being accomplished so thoroughly by the New York Sunday *Call* comrades, we take much pleasure in advising our readers where these outlines may be obtained. Regular weekly lessons are given, and the work properly graded for the little tots in the kindergarten to youth and maids of seventeen or eighteen. Every local in the United States ought to take the Sunday *Call* FOR THESE LESSONS alone, if for no other reason, and no Socialist Teacher can afford to plan his or her work without them. The *Call* Lessons are the result of a wide and practical experience. Do not overlook them.

**Sends in Twelve.** Comrade Baker, of Detroit, sends in check for twelve yearly subscriptions and writes: "We shall all be hustling to make a great success of the Haywood meeting. Send me some more blanks and I will send in another bunch later on."

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# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

**Our Study Course in Socialism**, the fifth lesson of which appears in this month's issue, has met with a welcome beyond our expectations. The first three issues containing these lessons are entirely sold out, but we have reprinted the lessons in leaflet form, and will mail one set free on request; extra copies 60c per hundred sets. We can still supply a few hundred copies of the February issue, containing Lesson IV, and offer them while they last at 5c each in packages of twenty or more, 6c each in packages of five to twenty, or 10c each in smaller lots. For \$3.00 sent at one time, we will mail five copies of the REVIEW one year to any address or to five addresses within the United States, and will include five sets of the first three lessons. A monthly lesson on Socialism will be a permanent feature of the Review, and even the smallest Socialist party local can conduct a successful Study Class with the aid of these lessons.

**One Big Union**, by William E. Trautmann, just published, is the clearest and completest statement of the principles of Industrial Unionism which has yet appeared in the English language. Its value is greatly increased by a large chart in the front of each book showing the grouping of laborers under an industrial system of organization. Price, 10 cents, \$1.00 per dozen, \$5.00 per hundred, \$45.00 per thousand. These prices will also apply to assorted orders for any of the following books:

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Crime and Criminals. Darrow.  
The Open Shop. Darrow.  
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The Question Box. Eastwood.  
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. Engels.  
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The titles just named include all the ten cent books that we can at present supply

in quantities, with the exception of Blatchford's "Merrie England," and Work's "What's So and What Isn't," and the best price we can make any one on these two books, expressage included, is \$7.50 a hundred. We will for \$1.90 mail the REVIEW one year and a sample set of the nineteen books named above.

**The Review Lecture Bureau** is gradually getting into working order. Four Haywood meetings have been held up to the time of going to press, and each one has been a big success. During March Haywood will be in New York, Massachusetts and vicinity, during April in Ohio, and during May in Illinois and Iowa. You can have a Haywood meeting by guaranteeing to sell 500 three-months' REVIEW subscription cards at 25c each, the cards serving as lecture tickets. Out of the \$125 you keep \$25 for hall rent, out of the remaining \$100 we pay Comrade Haywood for his time and expenses, and we furnish all necessary advertising matter, besides giving you 200 REVIEWS to sell for the benefit of your Local. You can't lose, and the lectures are boosting the circulation of the REVIEW faster than ever.

**Frank Bohn's Lectures** will start the first of March. You can get one of his dates by guaranteeing the sale of 200 REVIEW cards at 25c each. We furnish printed matter and give you 100 REVIEWS to sell. In either a Haywood or Bohn meeting, if the Local sells more than the guaranteed number of tickets, it keeps half the money on additional tickets sold. Moreover, the Local has the profit on literature sold at the meeting. We can still make a few dates for Bohn in Pennsylvania and Ohio during March and in Michigan and Indiana during April.

**Marx's Critique of Political Economy**, announced on the cover of last month's REVIEW, is now ready in a most attractive edition at \$1.00. This volume contains the best short explanation of Historical Materialism ever published in any language, and it furthermore contains the best Socialist explanation of the currency question. No student of Marx can afford to be without it.





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family can use. It contains no narcotic drugs. It does not depend on drugging the body, but tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Bodi-Tone offers its service to you right now, if you are sick, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—to help nature restore tone to the body, to restore normal health, energy, vigor, vitality and strength. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well-understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for Rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are of special value in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians without benefit, for these are the people who need it the most.

## It Is Proven

The curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by one solid year of cures. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a variety of ailments in both sexes, at every age. Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Bowel Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and proven its value in such disorders. Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have written us that one box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined. Write to-day for a \$1.00 box on trial and see what it will do for you. Don't send a penny. Just ask for a dollar box on trial. Address:

COTESFIELD, NEBR.—I have had Stomach trouble for eleven years and very bad for the past four years. Before taking Bodi-Tone, I had to throw up my supper every night. I would have such pain and such a heavy weight at my stomach and would nearly smother with gas. I would almost die and had to throw up what I had eaten to keep from smothering to death. It was so bad for four years that I was almost a walking skeleton. Now I am much stouter and don't look like the same person. My stomach digests what I eat and that trouble is all gone. I was so nervous and had such pain in the top of my head, which Bodi-Tone has remedied.

MRS. WM. BECK.

DORSET, VT.—I had Rheumatism very bad and was lame and sore all over. My Kidneys bothered me; Bodi-Tone has freed me from all of these troubles. MACK FISHER.

CULVER, IND.—I am telling all of my neighbors and friends about Bodi-Tone, and how it reached my case and did me more good than any other medicine I ever took, which is enough for me. My troubles were lame back and continual tired feeling, due, as I believe, to weak kidneys. My back was so bad that when I stooped over I could hardly raise up again and I suffered much pain with it. I took most everything recommended, but found no relief until I used Bodi-Tone. I used only two boxes, and have not since been bothered with my back, and I feel like working all the time.

OTIS E. MARSH.

GASTONIA, N. C.—When I began Bodi-Tone I was in a very weak condition, and had tried so many medicines that I became discouraged. I had been in very poor health for five years, suffering from different diseases and with a debilitated, run-down system. I was full of Malaria. I had two physicians waiting on me and they gave me only temporary relief, and told me I would have to have an operation, which I refused. I scarcely had strength enough to dress and had to stay in bed, not able to do my household duties. I began the use of Bodi-Tone three months ago and my improvement was so rapid that in a few weeks I was attending to my household duties and rested better at night than in years. I now enjoy perfect health and have gained 10 pounds. MRS. R. M. CURRIE.

**BODI-TONE COMPANY, Dept. S. CHICAGO, ILLS.**